



July 2006 Rs. 15/-

CHANDAMAMA

JAYAPIR IN AND OUT OF PRISON

(Page 24)

THE FEARLESS FOUR

New comics from this issue

(Page 16)



MAHE...

YOUR MAGAZINE

ENTERS 60TH YEAR OF SERVICE TO THE GROWING GENERATION

CHANDAMAMA ENTERS 60TH YEAR

1947 - Telugu and Tamil

1948 - Kannada

1949 - Hindi

1978 - Sinhala

1984 - Sanskrit

2003 - English-Tamil bilingual for Singapore, and English-Telugu, Tamil, Hindi, Gujarati bilingual for North America

1952 - Malayalam and Marathi

1954 - Gujarati

1955 - English

1956 - Oriya and Sindhi

1972 - Bengali

1975 - Gurmukhi

1976 - Assamese

1975

1976

1978

1984

2003

2004

2006

2004 - Santhali — the first children's magazine in a tribal language.



In 2003, Junior Chandamama for the tiny-tots was launched. Chandamama in Braille was brought out from 1981 to 1997. It was revived in 2005. Some editions (Sindhi, Sinhala, Gurmukhi, the US bilinguals) fell by the wayside after brief appearances. But the march continues. Isn't this an achievement unparalleled anywhere in the world?

CHANDAMAMA in many languages, a common tradition



STILL ENJOYING YOUR HOLIDAYS?

Some of you must have already plotted out your **STORY**
or decided on the theme for the **PAINTING** for the
Children's Special issue of Chandamama (November 2006)
(Look for details in the April 2006 issue)

PRIZES OFFERED:

Stories - Rs 500 for a story selected for publication
Paintings - 1st Prize Rs 500; 2nd Prize Rs 300;
Three Consolation Prizes : Rs 200 each.

- ❖ Your original, unpublished story can be in any one of the 13 languages in which *Chandamama* is published.
- ❖ The synopsis of the incident on which the painting is made can be in any one of these languages.
- ❖ Your entries should be accompanied by the coupon below; photo copies will not be accepted.



I WISH TO SUBMIT THE FOLLOWING ENTRIES :

STORIES : Title :

1. _____
2. _____

PAINTINGS : Theme :

1. _____
2. _____

Name _____

Date of birth _____ Class _____ School _____

Residence _____

PIN Code _____

CERTIFIED that the entries are the original unaided effort of my son/daughter

Parent

Participant





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(Vikram and Vetala)



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(Ruskin Bond)



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K.Ramakrishnan



ANOTHER MILESTONE

In the Hindu calendar, each year for sixty years is given a name; on completion of 60, the cycle of names starts again. Individuals do observe their *Shashthipoorthy* (*shashthi*-sixty). Launched in July 1947, *Chandamama* is poised to enter its sixtieth year in July. It is certainly a landmark for a magazine and for all we know, no other children's magazine in India has existed for sixty long years. So, for *Chandamama* it could be a record.

That apart, what has helped *Chandamama* all along, to quote some of the 'veterans' among our readers, is our strict adherence to our avowed objective: to take India's heritage and hoary past closer to children and to inculcate in them the best in human values to make them worthy citizens of this great country. If these objectives have stood by us all these sixty years, we do not see any reason to divert from them in the immediate years to come.

On this great occasion, we pay our homage to our founders, Shri B. Nagi Reddi and Shri Chakrapani, who had ploughed the furrow and planted the seeds. Those who followed them have harvested the yield month after month and have helped the plants to grow and flourish.

In this, we have received the unflinching support of thousands of our subscribers, millions of readers of all ages between 6 and 80, and the world of parents and teachers who found *Chandamama* worthy of being recommended to their children. In these days of competition between the different media, advertisers are the backbone of printed magazines. To all those who have extended their support, we say 'Thank you'.

We hope all the above groups will continue to help us hold aloft the flag of *Chandamama*.

The dictatorships of our time are the greatest example of direct action that the world has ever seen.

- M. M. Coady

Every land is his native land to a brave man.

- Lycurgus

Fanaticism in religion is the alliance of the passions she condemns with the dogmas she professes.

Power tends to corrupt; absolute power corrupts absolutely.

- Lord Acton

Visit us at : <http://www.chandamama.org>



By e-mail from Prarthana :

Chandamama is my best magazine. I loved the story of Vishnu saving the forest. Please keep publishing such stories.

**Sameer Kathane from
Jabalpur:**

I have recently become a subscriber for the English version of *Chandamama* and I have just read the first issue. It was enough to make me an ardent admirer of *Chandamama*. I feel that I have to improve my English knowledge so that I shall be able to fully relish the contents of the magazine. You will be doing a great favour to me if you can suggest a book or a course to improve my English.

**By e-mail from
Rajyalakshmi, Tenali :**

I indulge in reading *Chandamama*. Your June issue was very good. "Search for Death Valley" and "Shrewd Merchant" are good stories. The Vetala story "Athiest's Prayer" is equally nice, with a moral. In Ruskin Bond's stories, some words are very hard to understand. I like the stories of Akbar and Birbal. They really entertain us.

Reader Nishant Gaur of New Delhi writes:

I am a regular reader of *Chandamama*. I like it very much. I was amazed when I read the first copy. It has a lot of folklore, fascinating stories from mythology and science. I wish *Chandamama* reaches all parts of the world.

MAIL BAG



**Shreya Bhattacharyya,
Kolkata, writes :**

I am a regular reader of *Chandamama*. I have been reading it for nearly 12 years. It helps me in my projects very much. My favourites are Ruskin Bond, Vikram-Vetala, humorous stories and all the comics. I have one suggestion: Please give some information about the lands from where the folk tales come. You would be interested to know that most of my friends, too, read your magazine. I am writing this on their behalf also.

**Priyanka Maisnam writes
from Manipur :**

Chandamama is a fabulous children's magazine. We gain a lot of knowledge by reading it. It is so informative and absolutely amazing. I like the Arabian Nights stories the most. Please publish more such interesting stories.



**NEW TALES
OF KING
VIKRAM AND
THE VETALA**

THE ROYAL GAMBLER

The cremation ground presented an eerie spectacle on that dark night. The moon was hidden behind the clouds, and it was drizzling intermittently. The pitch darkness was relieved only by occasional flashes of lightning that lit up the sombre scene, causing an eerie dance of jerky shadows in the cremation ground.

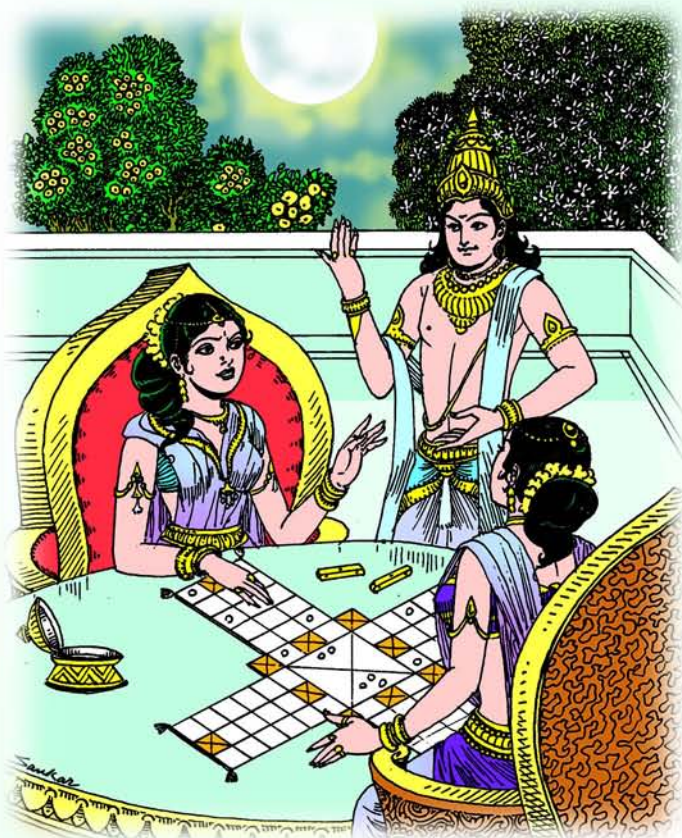
Occasionally, a jackal's spine-chilling howl or the blood-curdling laughter of some invisible evil spirit cut into the silence that hung like a shroud over the area. Altogether, it was a scene that would strike terror into the bravest heart. But nothing could daunt the intrepid King Vikram. Once again, he made his way to the gnarled tree from which the ancient corpse was hanging. Bones crunched under his feet, and a screeching ghost rose from the dust in shuddering frenzy as he marched determinedly ahead.

Oblivious to everything but the mission at hand, he brought the hanging corpse down by cutting the rope with his sword. Slinging it astride his shoulder, he had just begun his return journey when the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, you have been tirelessly persevering on this hazardous mission for ever so long. No doubt, the prize awaiting you at the end must be a very valuable one. but I sincerely hope that when you do get it, you use it wisely and don't throw it away, the way King Digvijay spurned the priceless gift of youth that he had won. Listen to his story."

The story the vampire narrated went as follows:

Digvijay, the King of Madhuvana, was a great chess lover and an expert player. Infected by his enthusiasm, his queen, Prabhavati and daughters, Vyjayanti and Meghna, too were keenly interested in the game.

One moonlit night, Vyjayanti and Meghna were out



in the royal garden, enjoying the cool breeze. “What a lovely night! This is the ideal time and place for a chess game,” suggested Vyjayanti. “What do you say?”

Meghna agreed with her sister. Quickly the chessboard and pawns were brought out, and they started their game.

At that very moment, a *gundharva* (celestial being) named Somadutta happened to be roaming through the skies in his chariot. While flying overhead, he spotted the game in process. Being a chess lover himself, he stopped his chariot and descended into the garden to watch the game.

Unaware of the fact that their match now had a celestial spectator, the princesses continued to play. At last, Vyjayanti emerged the winner of the hard-fought bout. Somadutta was unable to check his admiration for her strategy, and he loudly exclaimed, “Wonderful, Vyjayanti! You played a marvellous game.”

Startled, both the sisters spun around and were shocked to see a stranger standing by their side. Vyjayanti recovered her presence of mind and demanded, “Who are you and how did you manage to

enter this private garden, which is guarded at all hours against trespassers?”

He replied, “I’m Somadutta, a *gundharva*. It is my practice to ride across the sky on full-moon nights. Today, in the course of my ride I happened to see you both playing chess. I’m a chess addict, and so stopped to watch your game. Now, if you don’t mind, I’d like to pit my skills against yours. How about playing a game with me?”

Vyjayanti agreed with alacrity, and the duo sat down to the game. Although she played with all the skill at her command, she soon found that she was no match for the *gundharva*. It took him only a few moves to checkmate her. Laughing, he then turned to Meghna and asked, “Would you like to play the next round with me?”

Meghna readily accepted the challenge and the game began. Somadutta easily checkmated her, too.

In this manner, the princesses played several rounds with Somadutta, who won each round. At last, he stood up, saying, “I’ve had a really pleasant evening in your company. But now, it’s time for me to go. I shall return on the next full-moon night, and we can play again then. Goodbye, princesses!”

He then mounted his chariot and was airborne.

Only then were the girls conscious of the lateness of the hour. They rushed back into the palace, to find their parents waiting for them. The queen demanded, “What were you doing out in the garden for so long?”

“Oh, mother! You won’t believe this, but we were playing chess with a *gundharva*,” exclaimed Vyjayanti excitedly.

“Chess with a *gundharva*? What are you talking about?” asked the king.

“It’s true, father!” Meghna corroborated the story and gave all the details of the encounter. The king’s interest and curiosity were aroused. He wished that he, too, could get an opportunity to play with the celestial visitor.

On the next full-moon night, as the sisters spread out the chessboard in the garden and sat waiting for Somadutta, the king and queen also waited, hiding behind a tree.

Before long, the flying chariot descended to the earth and a smiling Somadutta stepped out. After greeting the

girls, he called out, “O King, you and the queen can come out of your hiding place!”

As the sheepish king came out, followed by the queen, Somadutta asked him, “I understand that you’re a great chess-lover; so am I. Would you like to have a bout with me?”

“Of course!” replied King Digvijay, beaming.

“But there’s no fun in playing without stakes. Are you ready to stake something?” asked Somadutta.

“Certainly,” replied the king. “You may choose the stakes.”

“If I lose, I shall restore your lost youth by my magical powers,” announced Somadutta. “But if you lose, you must give one of your daughters in marriage to me. Do you agree?”

On hearing this offer, King Digvijay was filled with exhilaration. It appeared to him that whichever way the game went, he stood to benefit. If he won, he would get back his youth; on the other hand, if he lost, he would get a *gundharva* for his son-in-law! What could he not achieve, with such a powerful relative? With a smile, he said, “I agree. Let’s begin the game!”

However, the happy atmosphere around them seemed to have been suddenly charged with tension. The two princesses, who had been sitting arm in arm, had moved apart almost involuntarily after Somadutta’s announcement. Each cast furtive, speculative glances at the other and at the *gundharva*. Evidently, they were wondering which of them he would claim as his wife if he won the game. As for the queen, the smile had been wiped off her face, which now wore an inscrutable expression.

At this moment, the sound of beating of wings broke the sudden silence that had fallen over the assembly. A second flying chariot descended to the ground and stopped beside them, and a beautiful nymph stepped out. Seeing the king and queen staring at her in astonishment, she addressed them, “I’m Chandramukhi, Somadutta’s wife. I’ve come to see the beauty whose hand he desires to win through this game.” There seemed to be irony in her eyes as they turned to rest on the two princesses.

For no apparent reason, a strange sense of disquiet filled the king. Turning to the *gundharva*, he spoke up

sternly, “There’s one thing I want to make clear at the outset. No matter who wins or loses this game, no harm must come to any of my family members.”

Somadutta looked steadily back at him and answered, “You needn’t worry on that score. No harm shall befall your family, no matter what happens.”

They started the game. As it progressed, everyone noticed Somadutta darting uneasy glances at his wife every now and then. But she was apparently unaffected, and directed her energies towards helping the king. Often she would suggest a move to him when he was in trouble.

It was a long and hard-fought match, but in the end, thanks mostly to Chandramukhi’s helpful hints, King Digvijay emerged the winner.

As he looked up from the chessboard, he caught a crestfallen look on Somadutta’s face. Turning to Chandramukhi, he could not miss an unmistakeable gleam of triumph in her eyes. He then looked at his wife. He noticed that the inscrutable mask had slipped. Her eyes looked troubled.

Somadutta’s crisp voice broke into his thoughts.

“As I have lost, I shall now fulfil my part of the bargain.



Prepare, O King, to recover your lost youth!”

He walked up to the king and placing his hand on his head, began to chant a *mantra*.

It was then that King Digvijay took a sudden decision. Taking a deep breath, he announced, “Please stop! I shall not hold you to the bargain. I don’t want my youth back; I’m happy as I am.”

The vampire concluded the story at this point and demanded, “O King, why did King Digvijay behave in such a bizarre manner? As pointed out earlier, no matter what the outcome of the game would be, he was the one who stood to gain. Getting back the energy, strength, and glamour of one’s youth is an impossible dream for most people, and anyone in his senses would jump at such a fabulous offer. But here the king, despite having got such a (literally) heaven-sent opportunity, just threw it away! Wasn’t that the height of foolishness on his part? If you know the answer, speak out – for, if you choose to keep quiet, your head shall shatter into fragments!”

Without batting an eyelid, King Vikram answered, “King Digvijay was an average man, with all the normal weaknesses of an average human being. When he heard the stakes proposed by the *gundharva*, he initially believed it a great offer – he would be the winner either way, he thought. But the arrival of the latter’s beautiful wife on the scene unsettled him. Until then, he had given no thought to the fact that the person, to whom he would have to give his daughter in marriage if he lost, might be already married! But now, he realised that Somadutta

did indeed possess a wife – that too a nymph, who would not take kindly to an earthly rival (as Chandramukhi made clear by her subsequent behaviour)! He was filled with concern for the fate of his daughters; it was this concern that caused him to lay down a condition in advance that no matter the outcome of the game, no harm should befall any member of his family. Chandramukhi’s behaviour caused him to remember his own wife, whom he had temporarily forgotten in his euphoria. Looking at her face, he realised that she was filled with insecurity at the prospect of his recovering his youth. For, the gift of youth was promised only to him – not to his wife. While he would be transformed into a young man, she would remain the old woman she was. This mismatched couple would be the butt of much ridicule. Moreover, she feared that having become young again, her husband might leave her and marry a younger woman. King Digvijay was astute enough to understand her apprehensions. As he realised the negative implications of recovering his youth, he decided that he did not want it. His decision, far from being foolish, reveals him to be a man of foresight and maturity.”

On hearing this, the vampire nodded in approval, before going off into peal after peal of thunderous laughter. The next moment, he, along with the corpse, moved off the king’s shoulder with a jerk and flew back to the tree. King Vikram gave a little sigh as he gazed upon the scene. Then, he squared his shoulders and retraced his steps towards the tree.



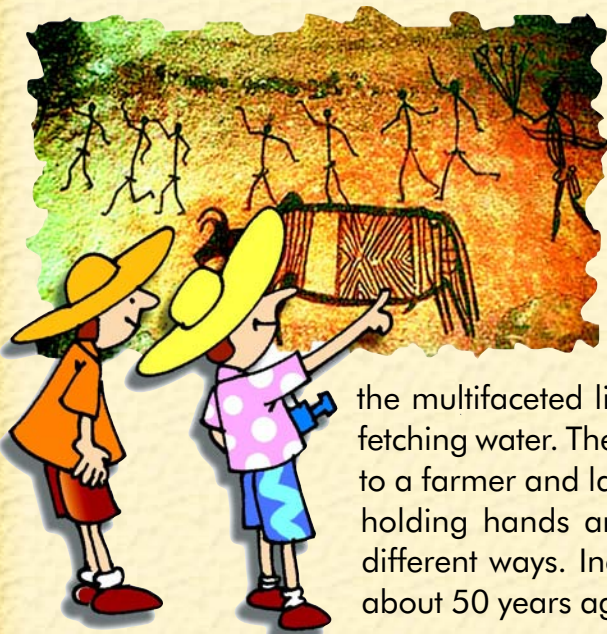


OUR NATIONAL ANTHEM

The original Bengali song *Jana Gana Mana* was written by poet Rabindranath Tagore in 1911 and published in the Arya Samaj journal, *Tatva Bodha Prakasika*, which Tagore edited for some years. In 1919, the poet was on a visit to Madanapalle, in Chittoor district of Andhra Pradesh, on the invitation of the Principal of the Besant Theosophical College, James H. Cousins. One February evening, Dr. Cousins, his wife Margaret, and a few students prompted the poet to sing the Bengali song. When it came to the refrain *Jaya hai Jaya hai*, the entire gathering enthusiastically joined Tagore. During his stay in Madanapalle, Tagore rendered the song in English. Mrs. Cousins then went about setting down the notation. When Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru unfurled the National flag at the Red Fort in Delhi for the first time on August 15, 1948, the Sikh Regiment played the National Anthem set to music by Mrs. Cousins. We all have been singing that tune till this day.



PRE-HISTORIC PAINTINGS



Some 40 km away from Bhopal, capital of Madhya Pradesh, is Bhimbetka which is famous for the rock-murals seen in the 600 odd caves there. It is generally believed that these paintings are one of the earliest ever depiction of human life on planet Earth. The 100,000 year old paintings will baffle anyone by the correctness of the form and shapes, whether the drawings are of human beings or animals/birds, of the use of straight lines, circles, triangles, squares and hexagons, capturing

the multifaceted life of humans like hunting, cooking, cutting firewood or fetching water. The drawings show the evolution of man from being a hunter to a farmer and later to setting up a family. Also seen are men and women holding hands and dancing, taking out processions and celebrating in different ways. Incidentally, the caves of Bhimbetka were discovered only about 50 years ago.



From the
pen of
**RUSKIN
BOND**

THE BIG RACE

I was awakened by the sound of a hornbill honking in the banyan tree. I lay in bed, looking through the open window as the early morning sunshine crept up the wall. I knew it was a holiday, and that there was something important to be done that day, but for some time I couldn't quite remember what it was. Then, as the room got brighter, and the hornbill stopped his noise, I remembered.

It was the day of the big race.

I leapt out of bed, pulled open a dressing-table drawer and brought out a cardboard box punctured with little holes. I opened the lid to see if Maharani was all right.

Maharani, my bamboo-beetle, was asleep on the core of an apple. I had given her a week's rigorous training for the monsoon beetle race, and she was enjoying a well-earned rest before the big event. I did not disturb her.

Closing the box, I crept out of the house by the back door. When I reached the gardens, the early morning sun was just beginning to make emeralds of the

dewdrops, and the grass was cool and springy to my bare feet. A group of boys had gathered in a corner of the gardens, and among them were Kamal and Anil.

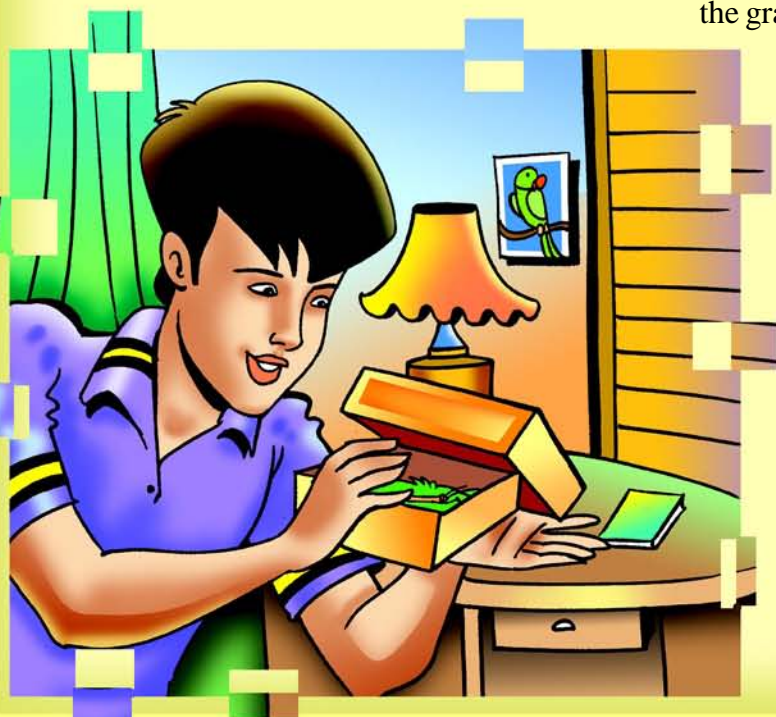
Anil's black rhino-beetle was the favourite. It was a big beetle, with an aggressive forehead rather like its owner's. It was called Black Prince. Kamal's beetle was quite ordinary in size, but it possessed a long pair of whiskers (I suspected it belonged to the cockroach rather than the beetle family), and was called Moomhha, which is Hindi for moustache.

There were one or two other entries, but none of them looked promising and so the interest centred on Black Prince, Moomhha, and my own Maharani who was still asleep on her apple core. A few bets were being made, in coins or marbles, and a prize for the winner was on display: a great stag-beetle, quite dangerous to look at, which would enable the winner to start a stable and breed beetles on a large scale.

There was some confusion when Kamal's Moomhha escaped from his box and took a preliminary canter over the grass, but he was soon caught and returned to his paddock. Moomhha appeared to be in good form, and several boys put their marbles on him.

The course was about 6 ft long, the tracks six inches wide. The tracks were fenced with strips of cardboard so that the contestants would not move over to each other's path or leave the course altogether. They could only go forward or backward. They were held at the starting point by another piece of cardboard, which would be placed behind them as soon as the race began.

A little Sikh boy in a yellow pyjama and shirt was acting as the starter, and he kept blowing his whistle for order and attention. Eventually, he gained enough silence to announce the rules of the race: the contesting beetles were not allowed to be touched during the race, or blown at from



behind, or bribed forward with bits of food. Only moral assistance was allowed, in the form of cheering and advice.

Moochha and Black Prince were already at the starting point, but Maharani seemed unwilling to leave her apple core, and I had to drag her to the starting post. There was further delay when Moochha got his whiskers entangled in the legs of a rival, but they were soon separated and the beetles placed in separate lanes. The race was about to start.

Kamal sat on his haunches, very quiet and serious, looking from Moochha to the finishing line and back again. I was biting my nails. Anil's bushy eyebrows were bunched together in a scowl.

'Pee-ee-eep!' went the whistle.

And they were off!

Or rather, Moochha and Black Prince were off because Maharani was still at the starting post, wondering what had happened to her apple core.

Everyone was cheering madly, Anil was jumping about, and Kamal was shouting himself hoarse.

Moochha was going at a spanking rate. Black Prince wasn't really taking much interest in the proceedings, but at least he was moving, and everything could happen in a race of this nature. I was in a furious temper. All the coaching I had given Maharani appeared to be of no use. She was still looking confused and a little resentful at having been deprived of her apple.

Then Moochha suddenly stopped, about 2 ft from the finishing line. He seemed to be having trouble with his whiskers, and kept twitching them this way and that. Black Prince was catching up inch by inch, and both Anil and Kamal were hopping about with excitement. Nobody was paying any attention to Maharani, who was looking suspiciously at the other beetles in the rear. No doubt she suspected them of having something to do with the disappearance of her apple. I begged her to make an



effort. It was with difficulty that I prevented myself from giving her a push, but that would have meant disqualification.

As Black Prince drew level with Moochha, he stopped and appeared to be enquiring about his rival's whiskers. Anil and Kamal now became even more frantic in their efforts to encourage their racers, and the cheering on all sides was deafening.

Maharani, enraged at having been deprived of her apple core, now decided to make a bid for liberty and rushed forward in great style.

I gave a cry of joy, but the others did not notice this new challenge until Maharani had drawn level with her rivals. There was a gasp of surprise from the spectators, and Maharani dashed across the finishing line in record time. Everyone cheered the gallant outsider. Anil and Kamal very sportingly shook my hands and congratulated me on my methods. Coins and marbles passed from hand to hand. The little Sikh boy blew his whistle for silence and presented me with the First Prize.

I examined the new beetle with respect and gently stroked its hard, smooth back. Then in case Maharani should feel jealous, I put away the prize beetle and returned Maharani to her apple core. I was determined that I would not indulge in any favouritism.

SCIENCE FAIR



- By **Rosscoe
Krishna Pillai**

JULY-BORN: GREGOR MENDEL



The fundamental laws of heredity and inheritance which led to the modern science of genetics were discovered by a poor monk, Gregor Johann Mendel. Unfortunately, the discovery could come to light in the world of science only in 1900, sixteen years after his death.

Johann Mendel was born on July 22, 1822 in a small town near Brunn, then in Austria, now in Czechoslovakia, as the son of a small farmer. When he was 11, he joined a secondary school, but had to drop out because of poverty. Mendel at 21 joined the Augustinian monastery, taking the name Gregor; four years later, he was ordained a priest. In 1850, he was sent to the University of Vienna, where he studied physics, chemistry, mathematics, botany and zoology; he sat for the qualifying examination for a licence to work as a regular science teacher, but failed in all the three attempts he made. Mendel returned to Brunn and taught physics and natural science in a technical high school until 1868, when he was made the abbot of his monastery.

Even as a young boy, Mendel had developed interest in gardening, having worked in his father's orchard and tending fruit trees in a rich man's farm to earn his living. After his return to the monastery, he took up his hobby and began growing ordinary edible peas in the small monastery garden. He started experimenting with them and self-pollinated a large number of distinct varieties of the pea-plant in order to find out how its seven different individual characters were inherited by generation after generation. He found that only dwarfs sprouted from seeds of dwarf plants. The seeds from the second generation of dwarfs also produced only dwarfs. In the case of seeds of tall pea plants, Mendel found that only a third of them "bred true", producing tall plants generation after generation and among the rest, some seeds produced tall and some dwarf. It was apparent to him that there were two kinds of tall plants: the *true-breeders* and the *non-true-breeders*. His remarkable finding was that when two characteristics, like tallness and dwarfness or yellow and green colours existed within the seeds of a plant, only one characteristic was *dominant* and the other was *recessive*, but the two did not blend in the offspring, as was thought till then, and remained separate and retained their identities. Mendel arrived at his great discoveries early in 1865. He read his papers on "plant hybridization" at the local Natural Science Society of which he was a member. Mendel passed into near oblivion when he died on January 6, 1884.

In 1900, three European botanists De Vries, K.E. Correns and E. Tschermak independently discovered these laws, but acknowledged them as Mendel's when they found out that he had published them 34 years ago. Thus the unknown monk has since come to be reckoned as the father of the science of genetics. Mendel now adorns science as one of its greatest.

BACTERIA IN OUR BODY CELLS

Molecular biologists conclude that humans may not be entirely "human". They say, our bodies are a mix of bacteria and human cells. They have found that 90 per cent of our body cells are actually bacteria.

A team of genetic experts at the Institute for Genomic Research in Maryland, USA, have studied the DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid) of hundreds of different species of bacteria in the gut (intestines and bowels) of a very large number of healthy persons. According to them, humans and bacteria in the human bodies are mutually dependant for their survival.

Many essential functions of the human body such as digestion and the body's immune system rely entirely on the role of beneficial microbes. Studies them have given clues to human nutrition and diseases, and have shown how effective are the drugs taken by humans. The bacteria not only help in man's digestion but also perform the synthesis of certain essential vitamins which humans cannot.

Soon after a human being is born, bacteria start colonizing the intestines and colon. It has been known that human adults carry up to 100 trillion (million million) microbes, belonging to more than 1,000 species.



ANECDOTES

Paul Erdos (1913-1996), well-known Hungarian mathematician, met a mathematician on one occasion and asked him where he was from. The man replied: "Vancouver". "Oh!" exclaimed Erdos. "Then you must know my dear friend Elliot Mendelson." The mathematician from Vancouver burst out laughing: "I am your dear friend Elliot Mendelson!!"



It was when Einstein was working as a professor in the Zurich Polytechnic that a student went up to him one day and said, "The questions in this year's examination are the same as last year's!" Einstein commented immediately, "True. But this year all the answers are different."

SCIENCE QUIZ



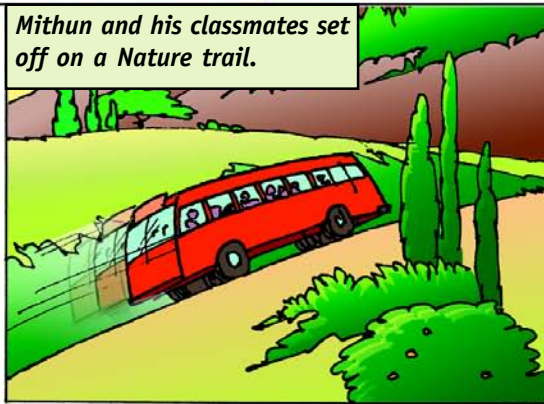
1. The transporting of which one of the following is a function of human blood but not a function of grasshopper blood?
a. hormones; b. nutrients; c. oxygen; d. anti-bodies.
2. The largest quantity of circulating blood in humans is confined to
a. the veins; b. the arteries; c. the heart; d. the lungs.
3. The coagulation of blood occurs only in the presence of
a. potassium ions; b. calcium ions; c. sodium ions; d. potassium chloride.
4. What is the young one of a goose called?
a. chick; b. eaglet; c. duckling; d. gosling.

Answer: 1. c. oxygen, 2. a. the veins, 3. b. calcium ions, 4. d. gosling.

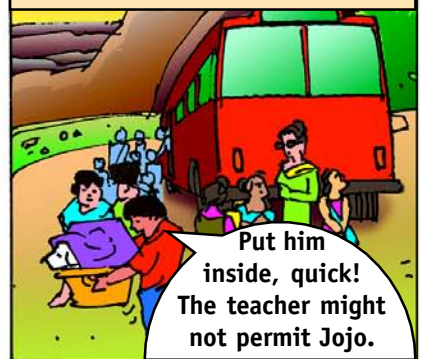
THE FEARLESS FOUR -1

ON A NATURE TRAIL

Mithun and his classmates set off on a Nature trail.



Mithun hides his pet dog Jojo in a basket.

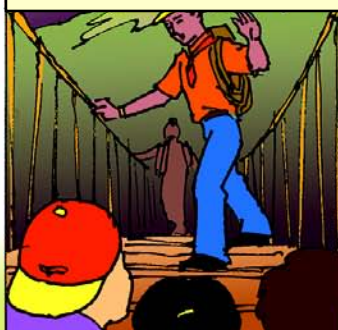


Put him inside, quick! The teacher might not permit Jojo.

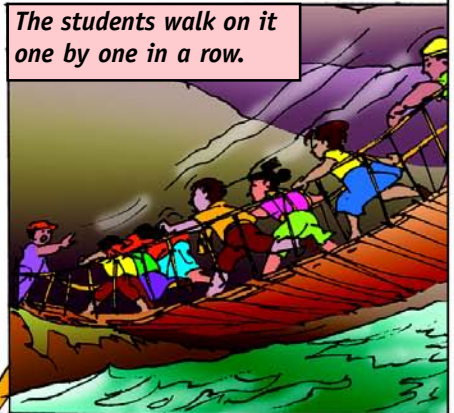
They walk towards a bridge.



The local guide instructs them on how to walk on a rope bridge.



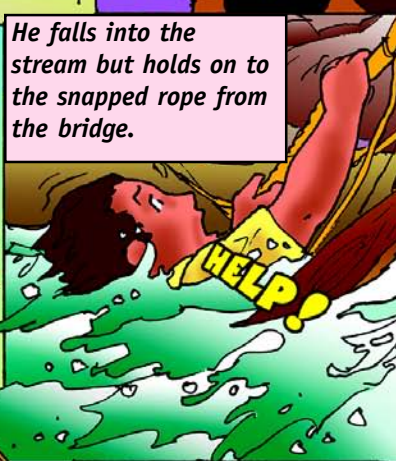
The students walk on it one by one in a row.



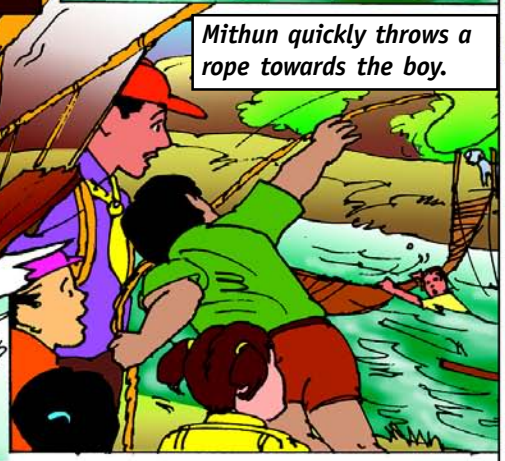
Suddenly a wooden plank gives way and one of the boys loses balance.



He falls into the stream but holds on to the snapped rope from the bridge.



Mithun quickly throws a rope towards the boy.

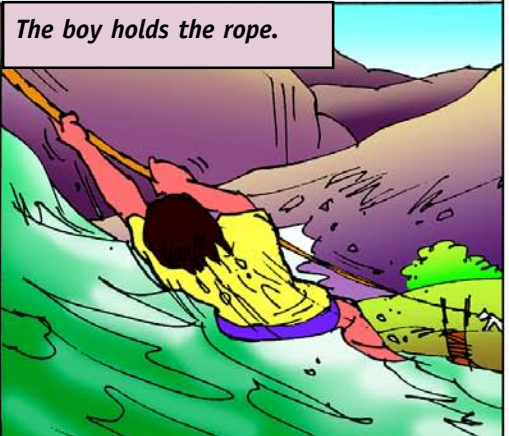


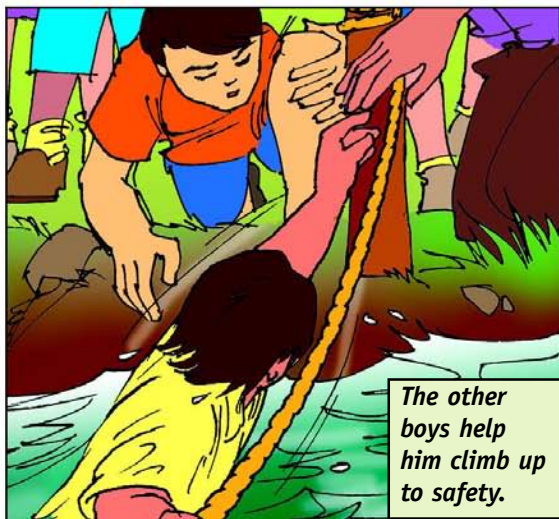
Jojo ties the rope to a nearby post.



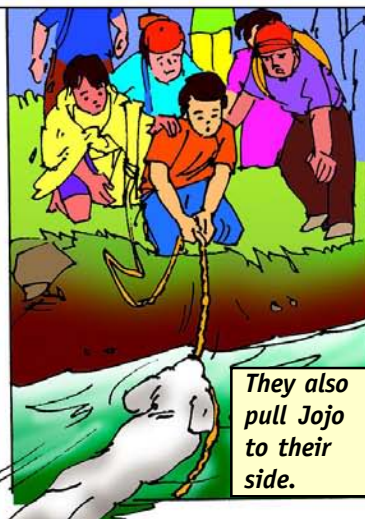
Jojo, who is on the other side, runs towards the rope.

The boy holds the rope.

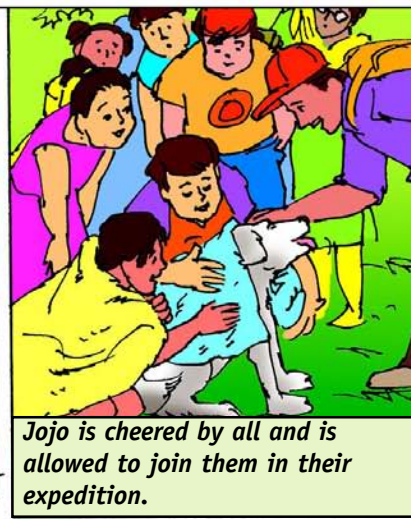




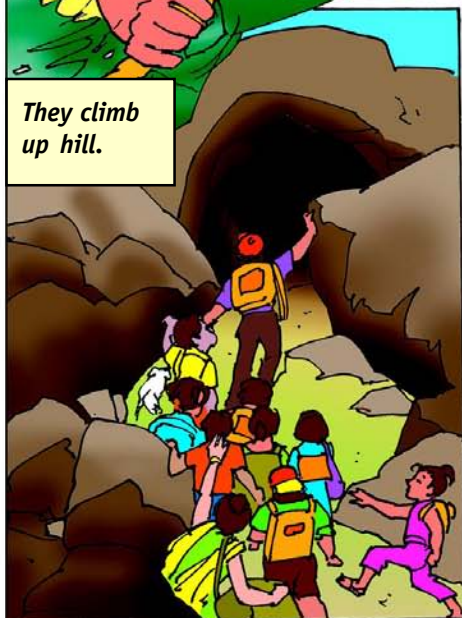
The other boys help him climb up to safety.



They also pull Jojo to their side.



Jojo is cheered by all and is allowed to join them in their expedition.



They climb up hill.



And reach a cave. They find many bats sleeping.



Don't disturb them. Oh, no!

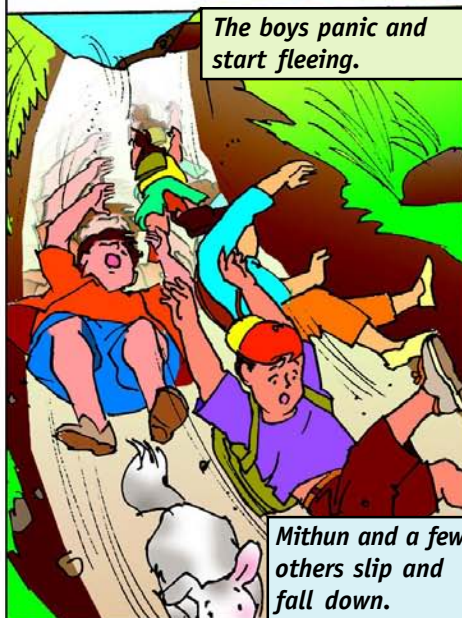
Their guide warns them but one of the boys is too quick to fling a stone at them..



The bats start attacking them.



R...u...n!



The boys panic and start fleeing.



They reach a place where they see a man tying a bundle of logs.



They walk towards him. Mithun shows the board to the man and tells him...

Don't you know, cutting down trees is a crime?



The man is about to attack them with an axe but Jojo snatches it and runs away.



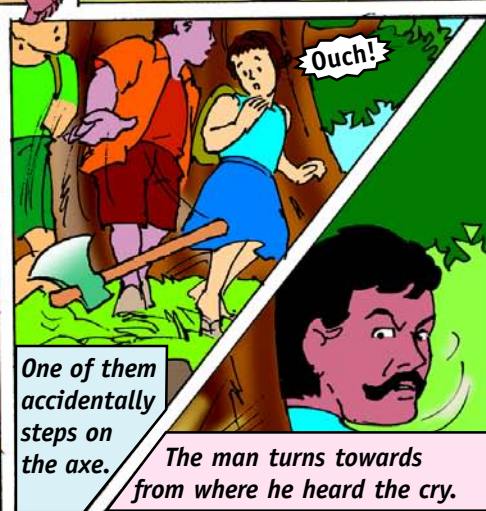
The man gives a chase to the boys.



They hide behind a big tree.



The man comes there looking for them.



One of them accidentally steps on the axe.

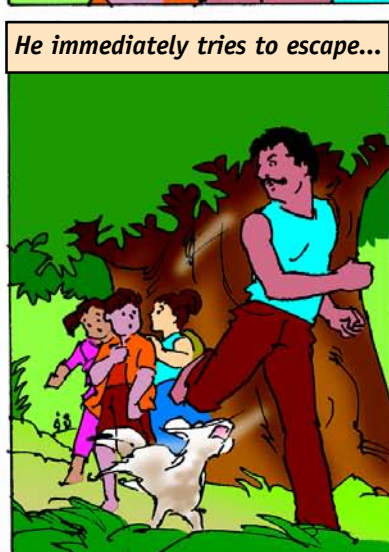
The man turns towards from where he heard the cry.



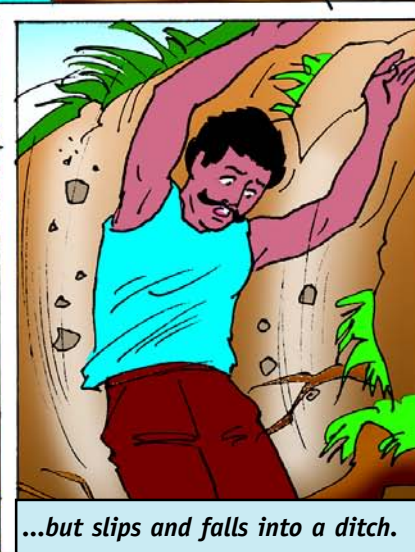
He finds them and threatens Mithun. Jojo starts barking at him.



He then slaps the other boys. By that time, the others come looking for Mithun and friends.



He immediately tries to escape...



...but slips and falls into a ditch.





FROM BIHAR

THE FAKE FAKIR

A huge banyan stood outside the walls of the palace. One day, a man was seen sitting cross-legged and meditating. What was strange about him was, he was clean shaven and looked handsome. He was seen from morn till night, eyes always closed. Some passers-by stood gaping for a while and went away. Some others were attracted by his handsome looks and sat down in the hope he might utter words of wisdom. They would not dare attempt to speak to him. After some time they,



too, would get up and go away, but not before placing some coins before him. The coins remained there, attracting more offerings. People never saw him eat or drink, so they took him to be a Fakir.

When the night became dark, he would be joined by his 'disciples'; he ate and drank whatever they would have brought and leave the place quietly to carry out their job—thieving. They would complete their job before dawn, and the fakir would be back beneath the banyan.

Before long, the king came to know about the holy man outside the palace walls and wanted to meet him. He came alone, except for a single bodyguard who, on the orders of the king, woke him up. "O holy one, the king is here to see you!"

The fakir slowly opened his eyes, and straight away blessed him. "Son, may you live long!"

The king folded his hands and said, "Please come to my palace; I shall arrange for your stay. You can meditate in peace; nobody would disturb you."

"I'll be pleased to come, but on condition that you won't object to my disciples staying with me. When the place is ready, inform me, and we shall then move in."

The king ordered that a hut be put up, but with all comforts. When it was ready, the king's bodyguard went to the fakir, who told him he would move in after it got dark and his disciples joined him. "Please tell your king that he could meet me tomorrow morning."

When the fakir and his three disciples went to the palace at night, the bodyguard was at the gates to receive them. He told the gatekeepers to allow the fakir or any of his disciples if ever they wished to go out of the palace.

Morning came and the king made his way to the hut. The fakir was sitting cross-legged and in deep meditation.

The king sat down in front of the fakir. One of the disciples went up and touched the fakir on his shoulders, and he opened his eyes. The king asked him, "O holy man, I hope the hut is comfortable."

The fakir solemnly asked, "Son! How shall I reward you?"

"O holy one, please bless me so that I shall have a son to succeed me!" said the king.

"Your wish has been heard by the Almighty!" said the fakir, before closing his eyes.

The king later called his bodyguard and instructed him that the fakir should be sent food from the royal kitchen. At the end of the day, the king was informed that the fakir had sent back the food whenever it was taken. The king believed that the fakir possessed strange powers to go without food and drink.

When people were told that the king had given him shelter in the palace, at first, they hesitated to go inside, but by and by, they found that they could freely get in and pay their obeisance to the fakir. However, he remained eyes closed and would not open his mouth even when they tried to say something. The only difference was, whatever offerings—coins, fruits—they made disappeared.

It so happened, the king's only daughter very much wished to meet the fakir. However, her maids did not encourage her, as they had instructions from the queen not to stray away from the palace, except the royal gardens. The princess nourished the hope that he might tell her who would marry her. Perhaps he might even help her to have a vision of her prospective husband.

One night, she found her maids busy preparing for a festival the next day. She quietly made her way to the hut. Her heart beat fast when she stood face to face with the fakir. He merely said, "Come in! Considering the time of your visit, I guess you are someone from the palace."

"I'm Princess Malavika," replied the princess.



"I'm honoured. How shall I please you, O fair maiden?"

"I've a request. I would like you to tell me which prince would marry me? Could I have a vision of that prince if you have the powers?"

The fakir closed his eyes, but only for a short while. He put on a broad smile. "Am I not handsome enough to be your husband? When you marry me, I shall naturally become a prince!"

The princess was aghast when he endearingly caught her hand. She had least expected such a behaviour from a holy man. She realised that she had been foolish in seeking blessings from him. She hurried to come out of the fakir's hut. Meanwhile, the fakir was pleading, "O Princess! Don't go away!" The princess did not stay back to listen to the fakir's pleadings. He wanted to stop her from running away. He caught hold of a silver tray in which a visitor



had brought fruits and aimed it at her leg. Malavika stopped for a moment at the door. She knew something had hit her.

Unmindful of the pain on her leg, she came out and quickly made her way to her chamber. She heaved a great sigh. Thank god! Nobody had seen her coming back. The maids were still at their job. She examined her leg. There was a deep cut made by whatever had hit her, and it was bleeding. She applied a herbal ointment, got into her bed and pretended to be asleep.

The next morning the king went to meet the fakir to find out why he was refusing the food sent from the palace kitchen. He saw the fakir was widely awake and his face revealed that he was angry. "What happened, O holy one?" he asked. There was no reply. "Isn't this place comfortable?" The fakir was silent. "Isn't the food from the palace kitchen tasty?"

The fakir merely stared at the king, who also did not open his mouth for some time. Then the fakir spoke, "I must warn you, there is an evil spirit in your kingdom."

"Evil spirit? What kind of evil spirit? Tell me, I shall hunt him out and destroy him!" said the king.

"It is a beautiful girl; she came here last night and disturbed my meditation. I sent her back but not before she was injured on her leg!"

"I shall certainly find out who it was and punish her for coming here in the night and disturbing you." The king sent for the chief of the bodyguards and asked him to find out from the gatekeepers who it was who entered the palace the previous night and whether it was any young girl.

He came back and reported that after the disciples of the fakir

had gone out, the gates had not been opened for anyone, and that the disciples were yet to return. Could it then be somebody from the palace itself? The fakir had described the spirit as a beautiful girl. Of course, the maids who waited upon the queen and the princess would not answer to that description. Would his daughter have visited the fakir? Was the princess injured on her leg?

The king quietly sent for one of her two maids and asked, "While you give a massage to the princess, did you notice any injury on her leg?"

"Yes, your majesty, we had noticed a scar on the princess's ankle and she was complaining of pain. She told us she was injured when she stepped on a fallen branch in the garden. But she was never once alone and we were with her whenever she took a stroll in the garden. We did not see any fallen branch and we never saw her falling down," said the maid.

"All right, you need not tell this to the queen."

The king then called the chief of the bodyguards and asked him to arrange for keeping a watch on the movements of the fakir and his disciples. "The other day you said the gatekeepers had allowed the disciples to go out in the night and that they had not returned till morning," the king recalled.

After the chief went away, the king decided to meet the fakir. He found him eyes closed, but vigilant of anybody coming inside the hut. As he heard footsteps, he asked, "Who is it?" As the king did not reply, the fakir opened his eyes and smiled. "Your majesty!" The king noticed that unlike on previous occasions, the fakir





did not address him 'Son'. "Have you caught the evil spirit?" "We've not caught her, but we've almost identified her. She has an injury on her leg. Once the injury heals, she'll be brought here and punished," said the king.

The fakir suddenly became restless. He called out to his disciples. Evidently, only one of them was present. "Get me some water!" After drinking it, he feigned tiredness. "Your majesty, if you'll allow me, I shall now take rest."

The king's suspicions only grew, but decided that he would wait for a day or two before he took the next step. Next morning, the chief of the bodyguards met the king. "Last night, the Fakir had also gone out and he has not yet come back," he reported.

"Let me know after he comes back," said the king.

The chief had hardly gone away before he came back and reported to the king that the Fakir was back in the hut. "We shall go to him," said the king.

As usual, the Fakir had his eyes closed, but he opened them as he heard footsteps. The king did not wait for him to address him. "He is the chief of the bodyguards. He has reported that the beautiful girl whom you described as the evil spirit is missing! She might have come here when you were away last night. Let him search the place so that if she is here she can be caught. Where are your disciples, O holy one?"

"They have gone to get my food and drink," said the fakir. The king sat down in front of the fakir. On getting a nod from the king, the chief went in. After sometime, he came back; he held in his hands gold ornaments and glittering precious stones. "Your majesty, there's nobody inside, but I found all these in a bag," said the bodyguard.

"Did the evil spirit leave them behind, after she was injured?" asked the king derisively.

The fakir fumbled for words. Meanwhile, the three disciples walked in, carrying bulging bags. The stuff inside did not look like food and drink for the fakir. The king now stood up and told the chief, "Call some of your people." Afterwards, the king stood at the door to the hut, till the chief came back with a few bodyguards. "Take all four of them to the prison and confiscate whatever you find inside."

The king waited till the Fakir and his disciples were led away. Meanwhile, the bags in the hut were brought before the king. "The fake fakir and his disciples were thieves, and all this property is what was looted from the people. They must go back to them once we know from where the thieves had taken them."

The king thought it prudent not to tell Princess Malavika that the holy man she had sought to meet was a fake fakir.



JAYAPIR IN AND

When a king keeps himself away from his kingdom without making adequate arrangements for its safety and well being, it can sometimes lead to disaster. This is exactly what happened when Jayapir Vinayaditya left Kashmir to conquer the neighbouring countries and stayed away for months together. He had left the administration of the kingdom in the hands of relatives who were clearly not to be trusted. Taking advantage of his absence, one of his brothers-in-law, Jajja, grabbed the throne. When Jayapir returned, he had no kingdom and no power to speak of. After many months and a lot of bloodshed, Jayapir won back his kingdom.

But his insatiable craving for adventure led him to yet another catastrophe. He had long wanted to conquer the kingdom of Bheemsena lying to the east of Kashmir. But it was by no means an easy task. Bheemsena was a formidable rival with as big and powerful an army as that of Jayapir. Finally, one day,

Jayapir disguised himself as a brahmachari and sneaked into Bheemsena's fort along with a group of sadhus. No one saw through his disguise at first and Jayapir went around the fort carefully taking note of each strategic point. But as ill luck would have it, Siddha, the younger brother of Jajja, was also present there as part of Bheemsena's army. He grew suspicious of Jayapir's movements and recognized him before long. The news soon reached Bheemsena and Jayapir was caught and put into an underground prison. He blamed himself bitterly for his folly, and there seemed no chance of escape. But he did not give up in despair and kept thinking carefully how he could possibly escape.

Finally, fate played into his hands. One morning, Jayapir heard a commotion outside the prison door. When his attendant arrived with food, Jayapir enquired. "It's *lutta*, a terrible kind of smallpox, which some of the prisoners seem to have got. The king has ordered that they be immediately thrown out of the kingdom so that others might not get infected."

"Is it only the prisoners who have got this disease?" Jayapir asked the attendant.

"No. Many others in the kingdom have got it, too - goodness knows how."

"How do they know it's *lutta*?" Jayapir asked again.

"The symptoms are quite obvious. Red spots, swelling, high fever, intense pain and so on," said the attendant impatiently closing the door.

Jayapir stared at the wall thoughtfully. An idea was now taking shape in his mind. He presented his attendant with the only ornament he wore - a thick gold ring - and begged him to fetch certain herbs from the forest. Jayapir knew what effect they would have if he ate them all. Before long he had rashes all over and high fever. The attendant was horrified when he saw him in that state. He had no doubt that



OUT OF PRISON

it was the dreaded *lutta*. He sent a message to the king, who ordered that Jayapir be thrown out of the prison immediately. Since *lutta* was a fatal disease, Bheemsena had no fear of Jayapir recovering. But, he recovered from his rashes and fever in a day or two as he knew he would. He quietly made his way back to his own kingdom, thanking his stars for his knowledge of herbs.

But even this experience did not put him off adventures. Before long he was out of the palace again with a huge army determined to conquer the kingdom of Nepal. Armudi was the reigning king at that time; he was both brave and clever. He soon realized that he was no match for Jayapir and so avoided an open confrontation with him. But he attacked Jayapir secretly while the latter was travelling through mountains or dense forests and tried to kill as many of his soldiers as possible. Armudi could do this because he knew the lie of the land and every nook and corner of the forest and mountains. But Jayapir and his soldiers were totally new to the place and could not guess from which side Armudi's men would attack them next.

Jayapir travelled all over the place but was unable to conquer Armudi as he kept himself well hidden. At the same time, Jayapir lost and kept losing many of his soldiers. Armudi proved to be too clever for him and gave him the slip every time. One day Jayapir heard a chorus of voices across Kalagandika, a wide river. Obviously Armudi and his men were close at hand. Jayapir caught sight of their camp on the other side of the river.

"There they are!" cried Jayapir's men. "Should we go across the river or take a more roundabout way?"

"Let me see how deep the river is," said Jayapir cautiously. But despite being so wide, the water in



Kalagandika was no more than knee-deep and he could easily wade across to the other side. He shouted to his men, "Get into the river and wade across quietly. We must take them by surprise."

At Jayapir's command his entire army of soldiers got into the river and started wading across. But just when they were half way across the river, a huge wall of water came rushing in. Most of the soldiers were drowned while the rest were lost in the gushing waters. Jayapir somehow managed to swim with the tide but not for long.

Armudi's men who were openly rejoicing at the turn of events, jumped into the river in their light boats and triumphantly pulled Jayapir into one of them. He was their prisoner now. As a matter of fact, it was all a trick of Armudi's. He had put a dam across the Kalagandika higher up letting just a trickle to escape. He then got his men to make a big noise to attract Jayapir's attention. As soon as Jayapir started wading across the river with his men, Armudi got his men break the dam so that everyone was swept away in the gushing waters.

Jayapir was once again imprisoned and he had little

hope of escape this time. The news of his imprisonment and the destruction of his army reached Kashmir. Everyone was full of grief. Finally, Deva Sharma, Jayapir's chief minister, decided to meet Armudi with a proposal. He offered to hand over the throne of Kashmir which he was now looking after, on behalf of Jayapir. Armudi gladly agreed. He had always longed to possess Kashmir and now it seemed quite possible and that too without waging a war. He could have Jayapir killed anytime.

"But there's one problem," said Deva Sharma.

"Tell me, what is it?" said Armudi curiously.

"Jayapir is a very independent man," said Deva

won't be allowed to carry any weapon, needless to say. In fact, you'll have to go absolutely empty handed."

"Of course," said Deva Sharma, "I only want to talk to him. I don't need weapons or anything else."

When Deva Sharma saw Jayapir, lean and dressed like a common prisoner, his eyes filled with tears. "My lord, how could you be so foolish as to fall into Armudi's trap? Don't you know how wily he is?"

"Even the best of kings makes mistakes and I was overconfident," said Jayapir. "Tell me, why are you here? And how did Armudi allow you inside?"

"No time to lose, Sire," said Deva Sharma looking about him, "we've to work fast." He walked up to the window and saw the wide Kalagandika flowing just below. "Why don't you jump out of the window into the river and then swim to safety?" he asked.

Jayapir shook his head. "It's too far down and too dangerous. I'd have attempted it if there was a boat but..."

"Why don't you go and have a bath while I give it a thought?" said Deva Sharma.

"A bath? At this time of the evening?" asked Jayapir surprised.

"I want to be alone for a few moments," pleaded Deva Sharma.

Jayapir went to the adjacent shed for a bath. When he returned, he found Deva Sharma dead. He had strangled himself with his scarf. He had scribbled a message for Jayapir: "Please jump into the river and use my body as a boat. It is still full of air and will not let you drown."

Jayapir's eyes filled with tears at the sacrifice of his loyal minister, but he lost no time. Clutching Deva Sharma's lifeless body, he jumped into the river and was able to keep himself afloat until he found the strength to swim to safety. He trudged back to his kingdom praying that the soul of his devoted minister might rest in peace.

- Swapna Dutta

Sharma. "No one knows where he has hidden all his enormous wealth. Better not put him to death until we find that out."

"Well, how can we find that out? He isn't likely to tell anyone now," said Armudi, "we may have to make a thorough search, that's all."

Deva Sharma shook his head. "It isn't all that simple," he said. "You'd better leave it to me. Let me meet him and I'll get it out of him somehow. After all he is a prisoner now. He'll realize it's hopeless to hang on to his secrets."

Armudi gave him a keen look. "I'm not convinced," he said, "but I'll let you see him for a short while. You



BIRBAL AND THE ROYAL PAAN-WALLAH



Emperor Akbar's fondness for *paan* was quite well known. Therein lies a tale. Shaukat Ali was the official *paan-wallah* for the emperor. When the emperor engaged Shaukat Ali, the man knew that Akbar wanted nothing but the best. Not everyone could prepare it the way he liked it. The only man who could do it was Shaukat Ali.

Shaukat Ali looked like a barrel on the roll every time he moved. Whenever he wanted to pay his obeisance to the emperor, he would strain to bow low or bring his palms together.

Akbar would be amused by his efforts. "Enough, man. If you persist in your efforts, your stomach will burst and then there will be nothing left of you," the emperor bantered.

"*Alampana!* Your slave is here to do your bidding," Shaukat Ali took a deep breath while he straightened himself up.

"I am told you are an expert in preparing *paan*," the emperor asked.

"I am honoured, *Alampana*. My old man was the leading *paan* maker in this town. I was eight years old when he made me sit and watch him at work. My father trained me in the art. It took me a dozen years to master the art. It took another ten years before my father happily told me that I was as good as him. He was happy his art would not die with him," Shaukat Ali spoke politely while choosing the best of betel leaves from a bag that he brought along, lined it with a thin coat of lime, topped it with arecanut and minced tobacco and cardamom, and rolled up the leaves.

Akbar had never tasted such delicious *paan* ever before.

"Wah! Wah!" The emperor had difficulty saying those words while chewing the *paan*.

That was how Shaukat Ali became the Royal *paan-wallah*. He became a permanent member of the royal retinue. Wherever the emperor went, Shaukat was sure to go.

All went well till one day . . .

To err is human. Shaukat was human and he erred. He failed to notice that the lime he was using was rather too sharp on the tongue. He prepared the *paan* and served it to the emperor. He had hardly taken a bite when





he felt as if his tongue was on fire. His face contorted with rage. His nostrils quivered. His eyes turned bloodshot. He glared at Shaukat Ali, spat the *paan* at his face and screamed, “You wretch. Your *paan* burnt my tongue. And you say you are the best *paan* maker in my land!”

Shaukat Ali waited, shivering with fright. “Shaukat!” the emperor sounded a little less harsh. Shaukat Ali stood in a daze, not knowing what was to follow.

“Shaukat, go and fetch immediately a packet of best lime. Fill up the bag that you usually carry around with lime. Fill it up to the brim. Understand?” said the emperor.

Shaukat Ali bent as low as his tummy would allow and scurried off, taking along the empty bag. He felt relieved that the emperor did not send him to prison. Nor had the emperor ordered his immediate execution. ‘Allah be praised,’ the man bowed his head, while heading for the market.

He went to the shop from where he regularly bought lime.

“*Salaam alaikum*,” the shopkeeper greeted him.

“*Alaikum Salaam*,” Shaukat Ali returned the greeting, before handing the bag to the shopkeeper and telling him to fill the bag with lime.

“What for? You never take such a large quantity of lime,” the shopkeeper raised his eyebrows.

“I don’t know. It is the order of the *Shahenshah*,” Shaukat Ali replied.

“And they can’t be disobeyed!” they heard a sharp voice and turned. Shaukat Ali saw a small-built bright-eyed young man. The shopkeeper knew him. He asked, “Mahesh, how are you?”

“Fine, my friend,” said Mahesh Das.

“I heard you say that the emperor wanted you to get a bag full of lime?” Mahesh Das asked.

“Yes, *Huzoor*!”

“Did he ever make a similar request before?”

“Never,” Shaukat Ali shrugged his shoulders.

“And, today, suddenly, he wants you to fetch a large quantity of lime. Why?” Mahesh Das’s face clouded.

“Get me the lime, quickly,” Shaukat Ali ignored the comment of the young man and turned to the shopkeeper.

The man did that, promptly.

“I’ve a piece of advice for you,” Mahesh Das tapped him on the shoulder, as he got ready to leave.

“Make it snappy. I’ve no time to exchange pleasantries,” Shaukat Ali didn’t seem keen to take any advice. Not from a young man.

“Before you appear at the Royal Court, drink a big bowl of ghee,” Mahesh Das decided to make his message short.

“Hi! Young man! What are you up to? Can’t you see my potbelly! I am trying to reduce. And, here you are, asking me to drink a big bowl of ghee?” Shaukat growled.

“Do what I told you. And you may live to tell the tale,” Mahesh Das repeated his message.

“But why?” Shaukat wanted to know.

“I can’t tell you the reason, now. But I know what is good for you,” Mahesh Das reassured him and continued,

"If you have any love for your life, do what I say," Mahesh Das turned to the shopkeeper, asked for a small amount of lime, picked up the package, paid the price and left.

"Shaukat! Don't ignore the advice. I've always found his tips very useful," the shopkeeper repeated the message.

"You want me to drink a glass of ghee before I go back to the Royal Court?" Shaukat thought the idea silly.

"If I were you, I would do that," the shopkeeper made his views clear.

Shaukat thought for long. Finally, he decided to take the tip. Drinking a bowl of ghee once would not do much harm. He would go without food for a day or two and thus avoid further bloating up of his tummy.

He went home and asked his wife to fetch him a bowl of ghee.

"Have you gone mad?" she had her eyes on his bloated tummy. "Other men observe a diet to get rid of their potbellies. Here you gorge up rich food and now..."

"Get me the ghee right away. Or . . ." he ground his teeth.

"That's my fate. I am slim and smart. My man, already stout and fat, is making all efforts to turn himself into a sphere!" she hissed under her breath while hurrying to get him a bowl of ghee.

He drank it in two or three sips, handed the bowl to her and walked out. The ghee began to rumble in his stomach. He did not feel comfortable. But he had no time to lose. He hurried to the Royal presence, placed the bag of lime on the floor and bowed to the emperor.

Akbar didn't even look in his direction. Instead he told a guard, "Take him out to the open courtyard. Ask him to eat the lime in the bag. All of it! At one go!"

"I would die, *Alampana*! The lime will burn me up from within," Shaukat Ali burst into tears.

"You get what you deserve," the emperor turned his face away from the poor man.

The guard dragged Shaukat Ali to the courtyard. He made him sit down with the bag of lime on the floor.

"Start eating," the guard's voice became soft. He felt sorry for Shaukat Ali but there was nothing he could do to save the man.

Reluctantly Shaukat Ali started eating the lime. He dared not disobey the orders of the emperor. His stomach turned into a volcano. He heard strange rumbles from deep within. He tried to hold himself in check, but he could not. He had no option. He grumpily started taking in the lime. He ate and retched; and he retched and ate till no more lime was left.

He felt terribly sick. But he was alive. Alive because of the advice he received from Mahesh Das.

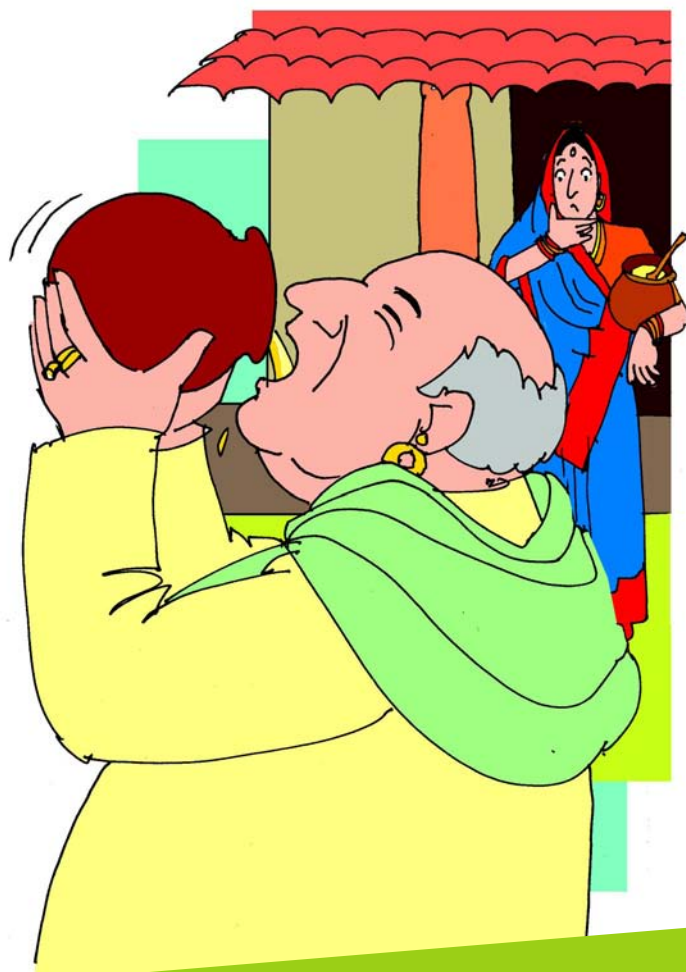
The emperor appeared at the courtyard a little later. He could not believe himself when he noticed that Shaukat Ali was alive. "Did he eat all the lime?" he asked the guard.

"All of it, *Shahenshah*!"

"How come you're still alive?" the emperor wanted to know.

"I will tell you, *Alampana*," the man bowed, though he was too weak to get up. "I drank a bowl of ghee before I came to the court with the lime."

"But why?"

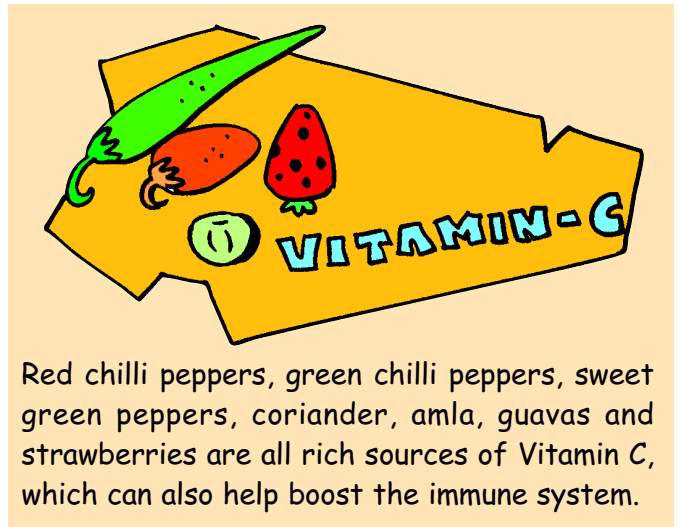
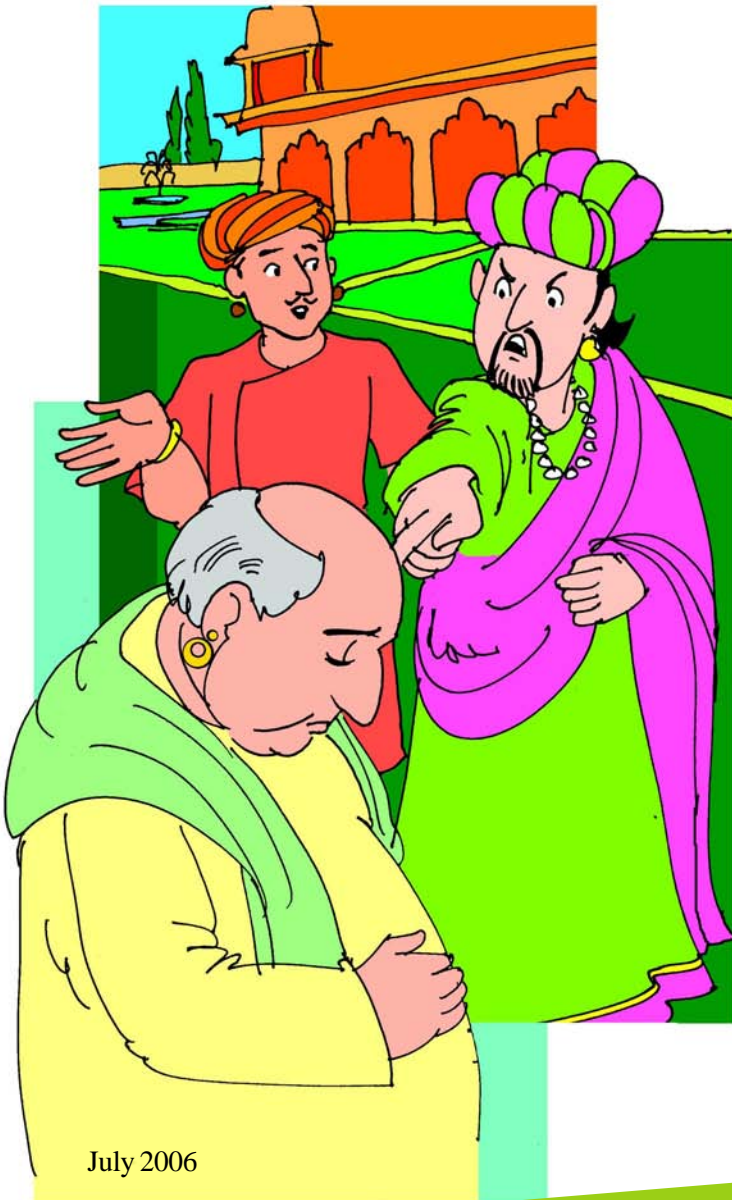


“A young man named Mahesh Das met me at the *paan* shop. He heard me ask for a bag of lime and asked for details. I told him of your orders. He asked me if Alampana had ever before asked me to fetch so much lime. I told him that this was the first time in three years you made such a demand. Immediately he advised me to take a bowl of ghee before I appeared at the Royal Court,” Shaukat explained.

“That man guessed what I had in mind. You owe your life to him. Go and fetch him right away,” the emperor told Shaukat Ali.

He returned, later, with Mahesh Das. The young man bowed to the emperor and waited.

“Birbal! Did you tell this wretch to drink a bowl of ghee?”



Red chilli peppers, green chilli peppers, sweet green peppers, coriander, amla, guavas and strawberries are all rich sources of Vitamin C, which can also help boost the immune system.

“Yes, *Shahenshah*!”

“But why?”

“That is the done thing, *Shahenshah*, when one wants to eat anything that could corrode the lining of the stomach. I heard that you had ordered Shaukat Ali to fetch a bag of lime. I could guess what you had in mind.”

“And you told him to drink a big bowl of ghee?” Akbar looked at Birbal with a stern glance.

“*Shahenshah*! I knew you would make him gobble up a bag of lime. Poor man! He would have died!” Birbal replied.

“I wanted him to die a miserable death,” the emperor howled. “He burnt my tongue by applying more lime in the *paan* than was good for me.”

“But, *Shahenshah*, you didn’t tell him not to drink ghee,” Birbal held a merry twinkle.

“Birbal!” Akbar almost exploded.

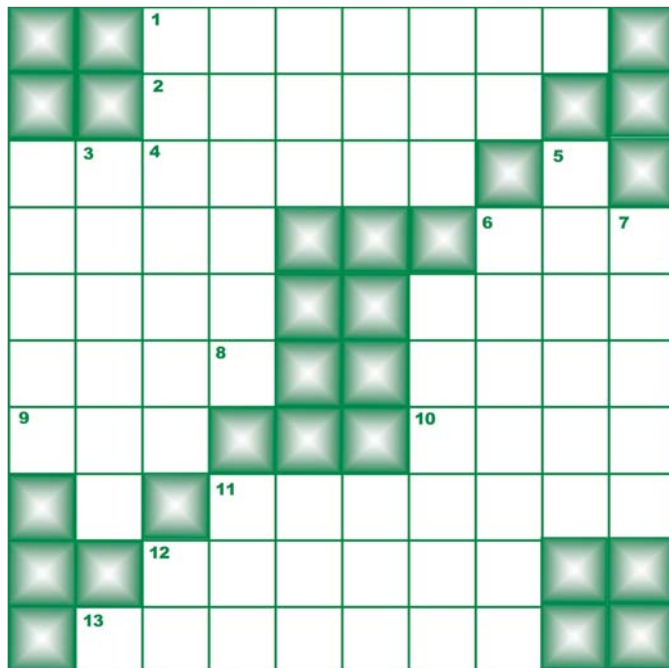
“*Shahenshah*! Pardon me if I have offended you. But I acted in your interest. Shaukat Ali has been with you for three years. I am told that he prepares the best *paan*. What will you do without him? You’ll never find a substitute,” Birbal defended himself.

Shaukat Ali bowed again, but he could not get his head below the level of his navel.

“I should have asked you to bend and touch the ground with your forehead. That would have been the just punishment for you,” the emperor teased him. “Now prepare *paan* for me and Birbal.”

-R.K.Murthi

UNIVERSE CROSSWORD



Across:

1. The study of how organisms interact with each other and their physical environment (7).
2. One of the living beings on Earth, which prepares its food through photosynthesis – (Plural) (6).
4. We can see this in the ocean. It is generated by the wind action (5).
11. This brings us light at night (4).

BRAIN TEASERS

1. Mom, Dad, and their two children have come to a river, and they find a boat. It is small and can carry only one adult or 2 kids at a time. Both kids are good rowers. How can the whole family reach the other side of the river?
2. Why can't you take a picture of an Indian woman with hair curlers?
3. What is the largest possible number you can write using only 2 digits - just 2 digits, nothing else?

Here is a crossword on the universe. Use the clues to solve it.



12. This group is one of the creatures on Earth other than human beings (6).
13. The sound caused by a lightning stroke as it heats the air and causes it to expand rapidly (7).

Down:

3. The Earth and the moon are one of these (6).
4. Two-thirds of the Earth's surface is covered by this (5).
5. They gather moisture and carry rain (6).
6. This is the planet we live on (5).
7. We can see this at night along with the moon (5).
8. If you look up you can see this (Reverse) (3).
9. A term given to any violent atmospheric disturbance (Reverse) (5).
10. We need this to breathe (Reverse) (3).

- by R Vaasugi

ANSWER: FOR UNIVERSE CROSSWORD:
Across: 1. Ecology, 2. Plants, 4. Waves, 11. Moon, 12. Animal, 13. Thunder.
Down: 3. Planet, 4. Water, 5. Clouds, 6. Earth, 7. Stars, 8. Sky, 9. Storm, 10. Air.

ANSWER FOR BRAIN TEASERS:

1. The kids row across. One comes back. An adult goes over, and the kid comes back. Both kids row across again, and one comes back. The other adult rows across and the kid comes back. Both kids row across again.
2. You can't take a picture with hair curlers; you need a camera!

3. 9⁹, this is 9x9x9x9x9x9x9x9 or 387,420,489.

AN INCREDIBLE DEMONSTRATION

The sixth Mughal emperor Aurangzeb (1659 – 1707) was hardly anybody's friend. But, for diplomatic reasons, he had to tolerate the princes of different states at different times and pretend friendship towards them. One of the kingdoms of Rajasthan which he wished to grab was Jodhpur. But the ruler Yashwant Singh was more than a match for him.

Once when the Maharaja and his son Prithvi Singh visited Agra and paid a courtesy call, the emperor led them to his garden and showed its many splendours. The Maharaja appreciated them, but when Aurangzeb drew his attention to a huge cage in a corner of the garden, the royal guest hardly showed any interest in it. That surprised the emperor, for the cage contained his most prized possession – a full-grown, robust, awe-inspiring tiger.

"Maharaja, have you ever seen such a great beast? Even its roars would make the brave take to their heels!" commented the Mughal.

Yashwant Singh cast only a casual glance at the tiger and asked, "What kind of brave are you speaking of, O mighty king? In my kingdom our boys play with such beasts!"

"Ha!" Aurangzeb guffawed.

"You don't believe, do you?" asked the Maharaja seriously.

Aurangzeb laughed. "Do you believe it yourself? Can anyone in your blessed Jodhpur even touch the tiger's tail and get away with his life?" he asked, scoffing.

"Thanks for your doubt," said the Maharaja. He then looked at his young son, Prithvi Singh.

He took the hint. He lost no time in opening the cage and barging into it. The angry tiger charged at him at once. The prince planted a blow on its cheek and it fell on its back. But that was only the beginning. As Aurangzeb watched with disbelief, the prince continued his fight with the tiger till it fell down never to rise again. The prince came out, badly bruised and bleeding though.

A pale and awfully embarrassed Aurangzeb had to praise him for his courage, strength and tact as well as for his readiness to obey his father. Aurangzeb, however, could not recover from his humiliation. He managed to kill the prince treacherously. But that is a different story.

- M.D.



KALEIDOSCOPE



THE CLASS CAPTAIN

The school reopened after the summer holidays. I was now in the seventh standard! New friends, new teachers. Soon came the long awaited moment – the selection of the Class Captain.

Our class teacher, who also taught us maths, asked: "Who would like to be the Captain?" I was the first to stand up. And as luck would have it, I was chosen Captain. A week passed quickly. We were given maths homework for the weekend. On Saturday morning, I had a very bad headache. So, I was in no mood to do the homework.

"Let's go for a drive," suggested my father on Sunday. "We'll dine out, too." At the restaurant where we went for lunch, I saw my class teacher. I wished her a cheery "Good afternoon!" Back home, I did not remember the homework assignment. The next day, Rani, who sat next to me, asked, "Did you do the maths problems?"

"Oh, no!" I exclaimed. "I haven't done them at all!" It was the maths period. "Have you all done your homework?" asked the class teacher. Her eyes swept all of us. I did not have the guts to stand up in front of everybody and confess that I hadn't. So, I nodded, as nonchalantly as possible with the rest of the class. 'I'll go and meet her in the evening and tell her,' I thought.

We had another maths period in the afternoon. "Sheila!" My legs were trembling with fear. "Did you do your homework?" "No, Miss!" "Why didn't you say so in the morning? You wanted to hide it from me,

didn't you?" I could not reply. "Since this was your first homework assignment, I would not have punished you. You are the Class Captain and you should learn to be truthful and correct. Until you learn responsibility, I cannot allow you to be Captain!"

Later that day I heard a conversation between Rani and her friend. "I told teacher that Sheila didn't do the homework," Rani was saying. "And I asked her if she could make me Captain instead. I don't know why she didn't."

Well, Rani never became Class Captain, but I had learnt an important lesson that day.

- B. Vijayalakshmi (10), Avadi



FRIEND

Red, yellow, green, blue
Oh my! What a friend I found you.

A friend is loving and caring
And doing for each other.

What may come in our life but
It is who do not forget each other.

A friend in deed
Always in time for need.

- Kakoli Roy, Guwahati



SOMETIMES

Sometimes, the sky is blue or black
Sometimes, the day is dull or bright
It is for sometimes, not for ever.

Sometimes, the house is big or small
Sometimes, a man is rich or poor
It is for sometimes, not for ever.

If you are strong, help the weak
If you are rich, help the poor
If you are happy, let others be happy.

- Priyanka Lakra (12),
Sambalpur, Orissa

In the June 2006 issue, both poems were on Mother Nature. Unfortunately, there was a mix-up in the names. The error is regretted. - Editor



Doctor (to nurse): Ask the accident victim what his name is, so that we can inform his family.
Nurse (on returning from

the ward) : He says his family knows his name.



Teacher : Who can tell me what dinosaurs ate?

Veekshith : Judging by the skeleton in the museum, they didn't eat anything.

- **Karthik Bhushan (14)**
Udupi



Arab : Hey, friend, I've some good news and bad news.

Second Arab : Tell me the bad news first.

Arab : We've run short of our food supply;

we'll have to eat sand for the next few days.

Second Arab : Well, what's the good news?

Arab : There's plenty of sand!

- **G.S. Anush (11)**
Sohar



Teacher : If you find a 1,000-rupee note, will you keep it?

Ram : No, Sir.

Teacher : There's a good boy. What will you do with it?

Ram : I'll spend it.

- **B. Ragavi (10), Avadi**



Shahib : I was an outstanding student in my class.

Shoaib : You mean you always came first?

Shahib : No, the teachers always

made me stand outside the class.

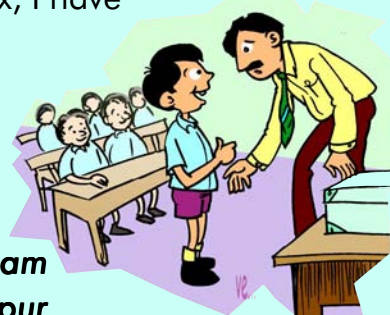
- **S. Meena (10), Avadi**

Teacher : In this box, I have a 10 foot snake.

Johnny : You can't fool me, sir.

Snakes don't have feet.

- **Basurjit Maisnam**
Manipur



Nita (teaching her pet parrot to talk) : I can walk.

Parrot : I can walk.

Nita : I can walk.

Parrot : I can walk.

Nita : I can fly.

Parrot : But that's a lie.

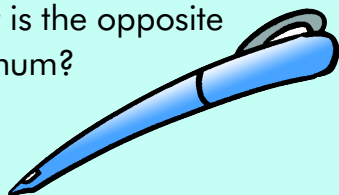
- **Dheerija Godara (13), Jodhpur**



RIDDLES

1. Raju's mother had four children. Three of them were named North, South and East. What was the name of the fourth son?

2. What is the opposite of minimum?



3. When it is working, it has no cap; when it is at rest, it has a cap.

What is it? - **C. Yashwant (11), Sullurpeta**



4. Which is the smallest room one cannot enter?

- **K. Raveena (12)**

Chennai

5. Can Thursday ever come before Wednesday?

6. Which fruit is mentioned most in history?

- **N. Saiprashanth (8), Dharwad**

7. Which fish is invisible and does not live on land or in water?

8. Which house can't we live in?

- **D. Sandhya (8)**

Coimbatore



1. An allergy caused by a metal; 2. If he takes a second bite, that means he likes you; 3. Chilli powder; 4. When you take a snapshot; 5. Because it has a spring; 6. Carrom-board.

Answer to June 2006 Riddles:

1. Raju, 2. Mini-dad, 3. Fountain pen, 4. Mushroom, 5. In a dictionary, 6. Dates, 7. Selfish, 8. Lighthouse.

Answer to Riddles:

ELEMENTS IN HIDING

The crossword below has 13 elements hidden. Search for them horizontally, vertically, diagonally and downward.

Q	M	L	C	O	P	P	E	R	Y	M
Y	Q	E	H	E	L	I	U	M	C	T
R	N	A	E	N	S	E	N	T	N	L
A	E	D	F	S	T	E	M	T	I	A
C	G	K	S	U	L	H	T	O	Z	B
A	Y	B	I	S	M	U	T	H	Y	O
R	X	R	R	O	K	J	U	G	O	C
B	O	I	O	J	D	M	A	N	U	S
O	Z	N	N	T	N	I	C	K	E	L
N	U	P	L	A	T	I	N	U	M	Q
Z	M	U	I	C	L	A	C	E	W	X

- **Manjushree B.L (14), Chitradurga**

X	M	E	C	A	L	C	I	U	M	Z
Q	M	U	N	I	A	L	P	U	N	
L	E	K	C	I	N	T	N	Z	O	
S	U	N	A	M	D	J	O	I	O	B
C	O	G	U	K	J	O	R	R	X	R
O	Y	H	T	S	M	U	B	I	A	V
B	Z	O	T	H	L	S	K	G	C	
A	E	D	F	S	T	E	M	T	I	A
L	N	I	N	S	E	N	T	N	L	
T	C	I	U	M	C	H	E	L	I	U
M	Y	R	E	P	C	O	P	P	E	R

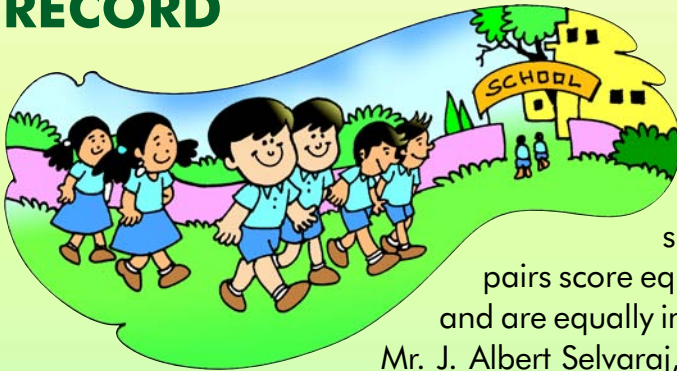
SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD

WONDER TREE



Martur in Chittapur taluk in Gulbarga district of Karnataka has of late been attracting people from all over India, particularly Maharashtra and Andhra Pradesh, who wish not only to see a wonder tree standing next to the Lakshmi temple but collect different parts of the tree which are believed to possess medicinal properties. The tree is commonly known as Baobab (*Adansonia digitata*) which means 'upside down'. It is believed to have been existing for nearly a thousand years. Martur was a major trade centre during the time of the Kalyani Chalukyas in the 12th century. It is generally believed that a sapling was brought from Africa by Portuguese traders and planted in Martur. Almost every part of the tree dries and blossoms twice in a year. The villagers feel that a paste made out of the leaves would heal even deep wounds without leaving a scar.

TWINS GET SCHOOL A RECORD



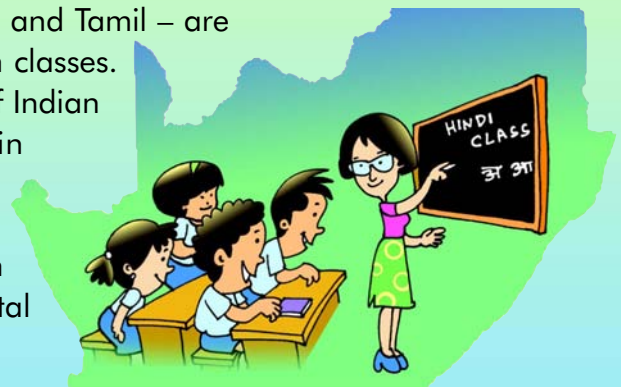
A school in Sivakasi is awaiting an entry in the **Guinness Book of Records**. It has 59 pairs of twins. The existing record is 29 pairs of St. Louis Marshall School in Brooklyn, USA, entered in Guinness in 1999. The 110-year-old Hindu Nadar Victoria School has 29 pairs of brothers, 12 pairs of sisters and 18 brother-and-

sister pairs. It may seem strange, but some of the pairs score equal marks, they prefer to study in the same division and are equally interested in sports. This has prompted the Principal, Mr. J. Albert Selvaraj, to make a study of the "Problems faced by twins and their solution".

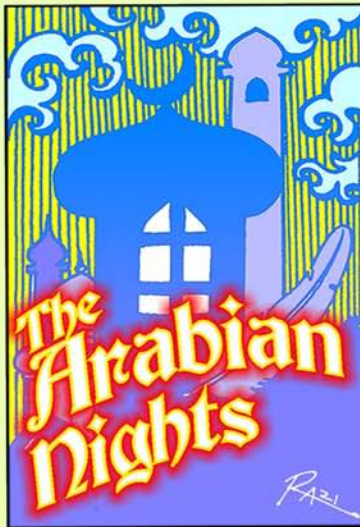
He proposes to submit the study to the Department of Education. Incidentally, the mother of one pair is a teacher in the same school, which boasts three pairs of twins among its staff.

INDIAN LANGUAGES IN S.AFRICAN SCHOOLS

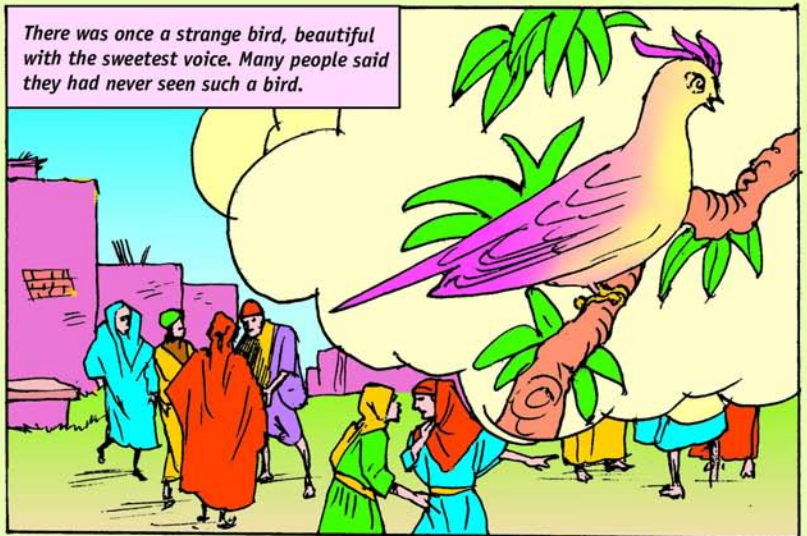
Five Indian languages – Hindi, Gujarati, Urdu, Telugu and Tamil – are to be taught in schools in S.Africa upto Matriculation classes. The decision has been taken at the instance of parents of Indian origin who are desirous of their children studying in S.African schools learning their mother-tongue. The five languages will be subjects of study and children can opt for any one language. This was disclosed by India-born Narendra Singh, who is the Education Minister of Natal Province.



The Arabian Nights



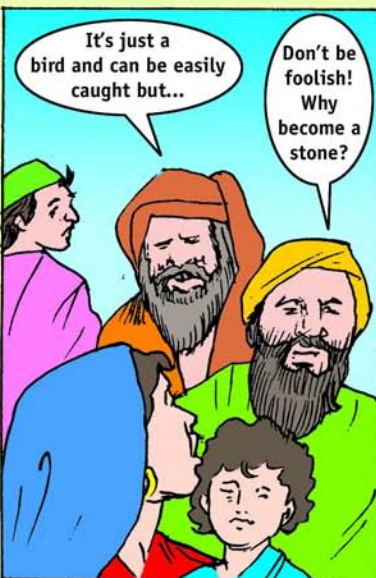
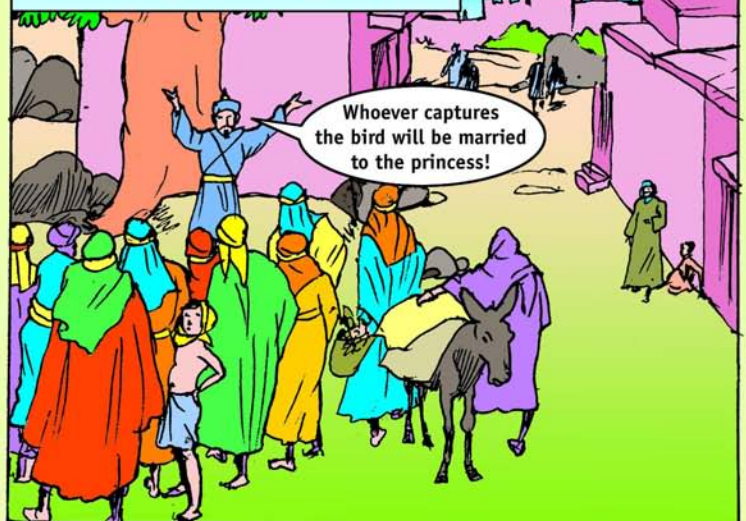
There was once a strange bird, beautiful with the sweetest voice. Many people said they had never seen such a bird.



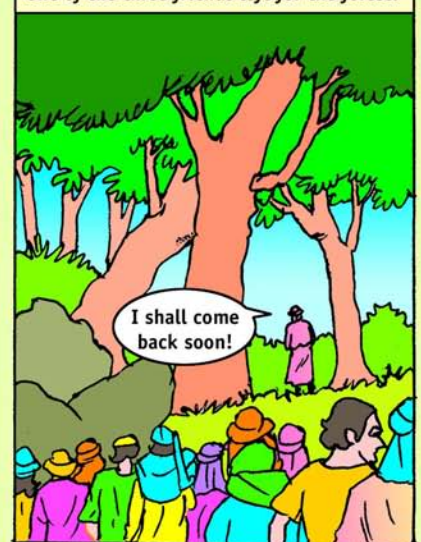
Whoever tried to capture it were turned to stones.

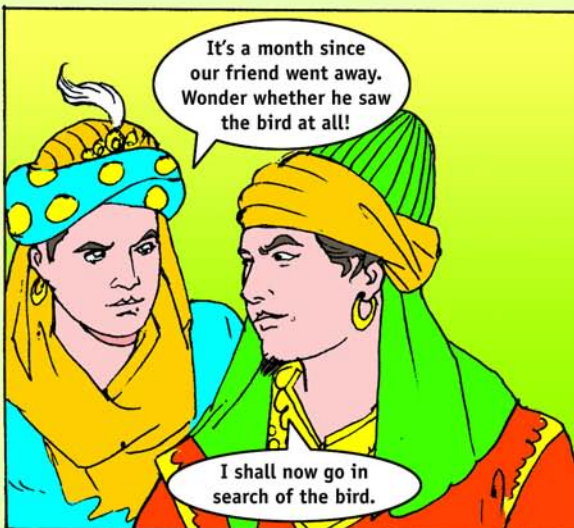


The Sultan's daughter wished to possess the bird.



One of the three friends left for the forest.





The Arabian Nights

After waiting for another month, the third friend started for the forest.



The bird began to sing. The young man was enchanted, but he did not imitate the bird.



The bird stopped singing and flew into his raised hands.



O! Beautiful bird! Won't you bring back my friends to life?



Let me fly over them.

Here you go!



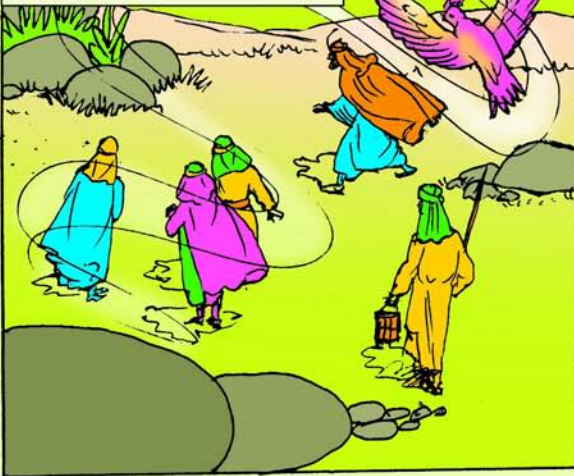
The young man released the bird. She flew over the statue-like figures and they came back to life.



Dear bird, won't you give life to those who had become stones earlier?



The bird circled over the stones and several princes and nobles got their life back.



Soon after he put on the ring, the bird got into the cage.



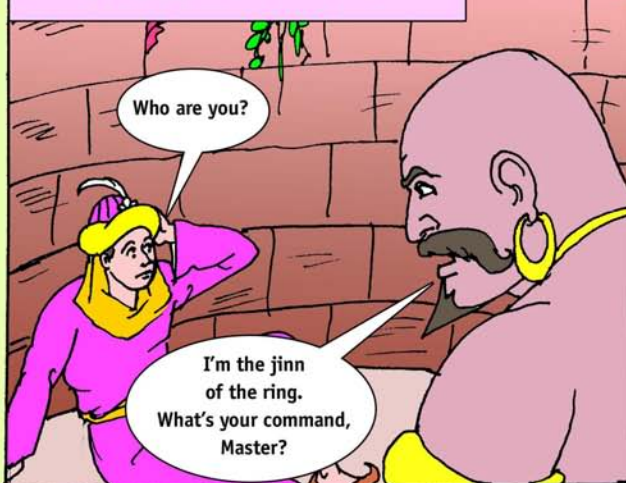
The three friends started on their return journey.

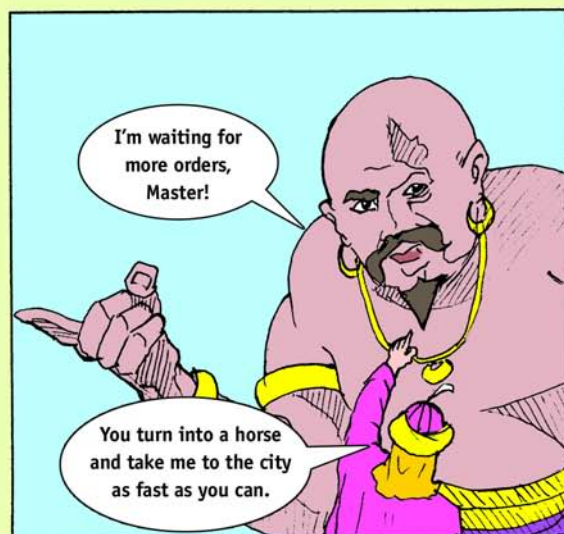


The first and second young men cheated their friend. They gagged him and threw him into a well.

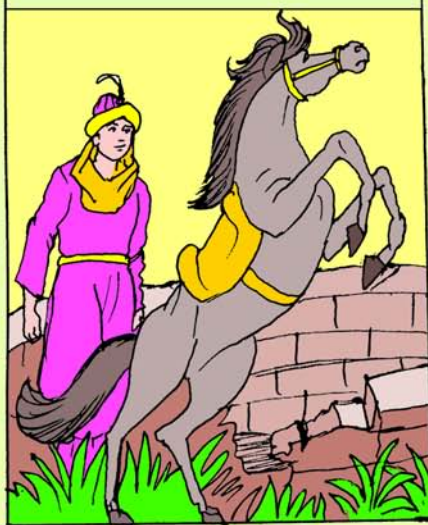


The young man fell on soft sand and was not hurt. Suddenly a huge figure stood before him.

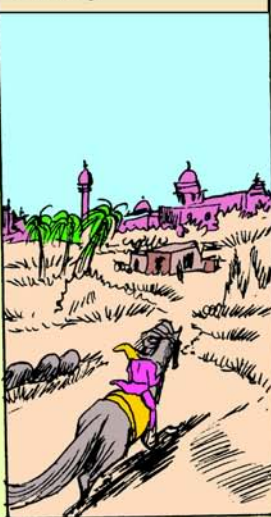




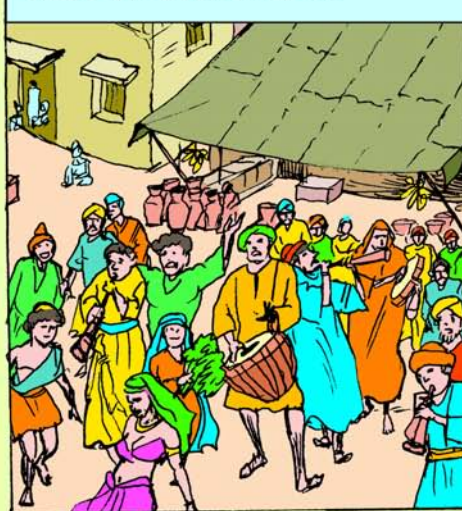
The jinn became a horse the next moment ...



... and took the young man to the city.



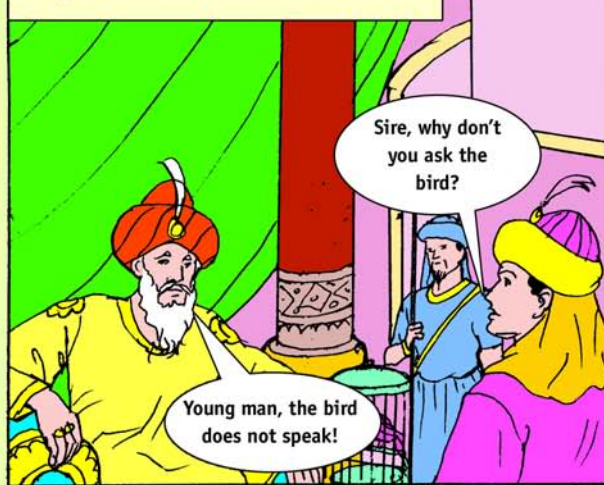
The city was in a festive mood. The princess was happy that she got the strange bird.

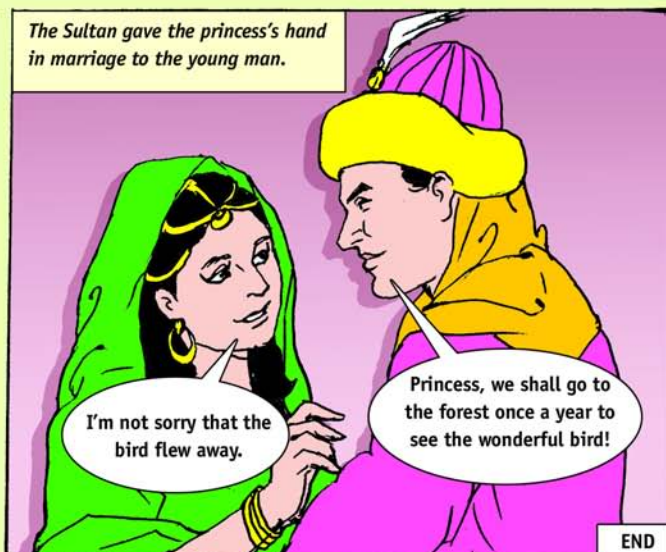
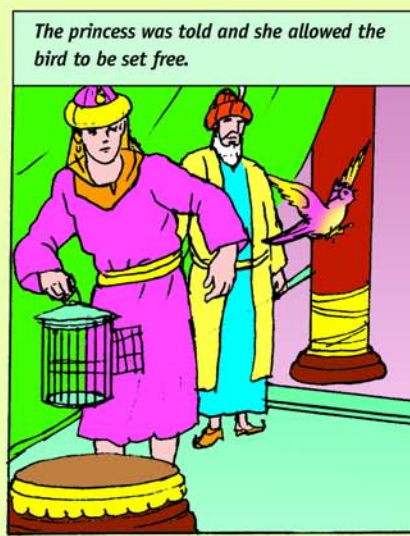


At the Sultan's palace, the two friends were quarrelling.



The third young man reached the palace and sought audience with the Sultan.





GLIMPSES OF THE DEVI BHAGAVATAM

“I pleaded with the demon to take me away instead of the princess. But my cries fell on deaf ears. He continued to drag her away. When I tried to resist, he raised his sword and threatened to kill me. Thereafter, I kept walking along with the princess. That gave her some courage.

“The demon showed his magnificent castle standing on a hill. ‘The castle will be yours once you become my queen,’ the demon told the princess. She scoffed at his suggestion.

“We became prisoners of the demon in the castle. Time and again he advised me to persuade the princess to marry him. He tempted me with promises of big rewards. Needless to say, I tried to persuade him to give up his vain ambition.

“At last the princess herself told the demon point blank that it was just out of the question for her to marry him. Her father had once said that he would like her to marry Prince Haihaya. From that very moment she had begun to look upon Prince Haihaya as her husband, although the prince was not aware of it. She would never marry anybody else.

“The demon grew awfully angry at the statement of

the princess. He went away in a huff.” King Ekvir was surprised. “Listen, my sister, I’m Haihaya; I’m also called Ekvir. I don’t know if there is anybody else bearing my name.”

Yasowati smiled. “No, my lord, there’s nobody else. I knew well to whom I was speaking. The princess and myself, feeling absolutely helpless, began praying to the Divine Mother. In a vision last night, the Mother asked me to come over here so that I could meet you. She also gave me a hymn by chanting which I could sneak out of the demon’s castle without attracting the attention of the fearful guards.”

“I am anxious to go to the rescue of the princess. Will you please teach me that hymn?” said Ekvir.

“Certainly, my lord.” Yasowati then taught the hymn called *Triloktilak* to the king.

The king went back to his palace and summoned his army. He then marched upon the castle of the demon, Kalaketu.

The demon was sure that the invading army will never be able to infiltrate his castle. But the king entered it by chanting the hymn. A fierce battle ensued. The heroic Ekvir succeeded in killing the demon.



30. NARADA AND MADAYANTI

The king rescued the princess and took her to her father. The happy king shortly arranged their marriage.

King Ekvir and Queen Ekavali had a son named Kritavirya. His son was Kartavirya. This is the beginning of the famous Haihaya dynasty.

Narada, the godly sage who wandered freely in heaven and earth, once paid a visit to the hermitage of Vyasa, the seer poet. Vyasa received him with joy and respect.

As the two sages sat and talked, Vyasa observed, "O Narada, you are happy and lucky. You are bound to no place, no family. You sing the glory of God and go wherever you like. But I'm rooted to this earth. I'm obliged to see the condition of men. I wonder, is there no end to the sorrows and sufferings of men? Who is happy in this world? Many are under the impression that the kings are happy. But I'm a witness to the happenings in several famous royal families. Take the case of the great Pandavas and the Kauravas. They had to experience a blood-bath! I am afraid there is nobody in the world who can be called truly happy."

Said Narada, "O Sage, there is Maya, the universal illusion that shrouds all. One cannot become truly happy unless one has made himself free from the influence of this Maya. You think that I am always happy? Well, let me tell you what this Maya once did to me!"

Narada then narrated the following episode:

There was a time when Narada and Sage Parvat were travelling together. Before setting out on the journey, they agreed to the condition that neither would hide anything from the other as long as they were together.

They moved from one holy place to another. Then came the monsoon. They decided to spend the rainy season in the palace of a certain king named Sanjay.

King Sanjay was happy to get the two wandering sages as his guests. He entrusted his charming daughter, Princess Madayanti, with the task of looking after the guests. The princess saw to it that the sages did not suffer even the slightest inconvenience. They were provided with warm fragrant water in the morning for their bath, and were given the best of fruits grown in the kingdom for their breakfast. There were elephants to carry them wherever they desired to go, to a temple or a scenic spot.

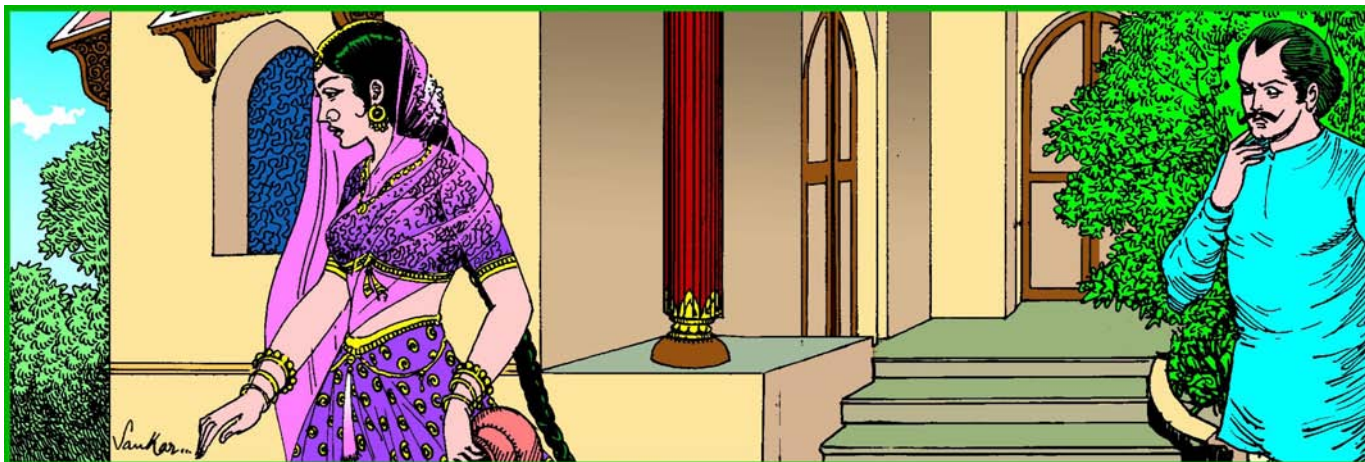


The princess herself stood and saw them served with sumptuous food at lunch and dinner. Narada was a highly gifted singer. The princess loved to listen to his music. Her admiration of his music soon changed into her admiration for the musician himself. Narada understood that the princess was enamoured of him. But instead of doing anything to check her fascination, he encouraged it to grow. It was because he, too, was fascinated by her.

The attachment that grew between Narada and Madayanti resulted in Madayanti neglecting Parvat. One day Parvat got only ordinary water for his bath while he saw fragrant warm water being taken to Narada's apartment. He grew suspicious. Soon he observed that the princess always looked at Narada and they exchanged sweet glances. She rarely ever looked at Parvat.

Annoyed, Parvat challenged Narada to deny his suspicion that he and the princess were attracted to each other. Narada could not deny it. He smiled and admitted to Parvat's suspicion being true.

"My friend, you kept this development hidden from me. You're guilty of violating the condition to which we had agreed. Let your face resemble that of a monkey!" an angry Parvat uttered this curse. **(To continue)**



A WISE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

Ramdas was an affluent trader in the town of Boghpur. Vijay was his only son. Ramdas arranged his son's marriage to Usha, the daughter of another rich merchant. Usha was good looking as well as intelligent. Ramdas was very happy to see them leading a happy married life.

One night, Ramdas saw Usha sneaking out of the house without the knowledge of her husband. He was too shocked to see her leaving the house alone at midnight throwing her modesty to winds. He revolted at her odd behaviour and thought that such a daughter-in-law would only bring disgrace to the family.

The next day, he apprised his son about the incident and conveyed his decision of sending her back to her parents. He then called Usha, asked her to pack up her belongings and go back to her parents.

Usha was bewildered at the harsh punishment. She had a hunch that her father-in-law might have seen her going out of the house the previous night. But she did not ask for the reason, nor did she offer any explanation for her conduct. Ramdas, however, volunteered to take her safely to her parents.

Accordingly, they left the town together. Soon, they had to cross a small brook on the way. Ramdas took off his chappals and proceeded to cross the brook barefoot, and asked her to do the same. To his dismay, she did not pay any

heed to his advice and started crossing with her chappals on. 'What audacity!' he murmured to himself. When they proceeded further, they saw a paddy field. Ramdas remarked: "The owner of this field will reap a rich harvest!"

Usha spontaneously reacted: "Not at all! He would only incur a loss!" Ramdas was irritated over her pungent remark and his dislike for her only grew. While they were passing through a beautiful town, Ramdas made another remark: "Oh! This is a lovely town!"

Again, Usha countered his remark with an acid comment: "This is a lousy town! It would be besieged by enemies any time!"

Ramdas was shocked again by her sardonic remark. He was now more convinced than ever about his decision to send her back. On the way, he decided to rest for a while under a banyan tree. He asked Usha to sit next to him. But she chose to sit far away. It occurred to him that it might be her way of showing her dislike for her father-in-law.

While crossing a village, Ramdas wanted to visit his friend and spend a few hours with him. After lunch, Ramdas relaxed on a sofa in the garden. Usha was sitting in a chair nearby. A crow on the tree went on cawing. Usha waved her hand at the crow and whispered, "I'm able to understand what you say. But I won't listen to you. I did a mistake a few days ago due to which

I've been expelled from my husband's house. If I do it once again, I may have to part with my husband for ever."

Ramdas was completely taken by surprise. He stood up and went to her. "Usha! Just now, I heard you talk to the crow. What exactly does it mean?"

Usha turned with a start. "Oh! So you heard me?" she exclaimed. "I shall now confide everything in you! I know the language of animals and birds. But that virtue has now put me in a fix. The other day, you might have seen me going out of the house alone at midnight. I heard the howling of a fox. It conveyed to me that the body of a woman bedecked with ornaments was floating in the lake. I wanted to get those ornaments for the benefit of our family. So, I slipped out, went to the lake, took away the ornaments and brought them home. But you started doubting my character and ordered my expulsion. The crow here is just trying to inform me that a treasure is lying under a tamarind tree in the jungle adjoining this village. Had I gone to look for that treasure leaving you alone here, your suspicion about my character would have further strengthened."

Ramdas went agog over her words. "My god! I'm afraid I misunderstood you! Let's go to the tamarind tree and verify!" They rushed to the tamarind tree. They could indeed find the treasure.

Ramdas was wild with excitement. He asked her: "Why didn't you tell me all these when I asked you to quit my house?"

Usha said, "I didn't want others to learn the secret that I know the language of animals and birds. I might have then lost that capability. Since I've disclosed it to you, I'm afraid I've already lost it!"

"Never mind, Usha!" said Ramdas. "We've already acquired enough wealth with your special virtue! I'm extremely sorry for my wrong judgment! Come, I shall take you back home!"

They thus began their return journey! On the way, when Ramdas saw the banyan tree, he



wanted to clear his doubt. "When I asked you to sit near me, you went and sat far away!"

Usha replied: "I did not want to get my dress dirtied with bird-droppings. So, I sat far away."

Again, while passing through the beautiful town, Usha quipped in: "You must be wondering why I made that cynical remark. The authorities have not taken measures to protect it in case of an attack by enemies."

Ramdas was impressed with her sharp observation. When they approached the paddy field, Usha said, "Do you know why I said the owner would incur a loss? The crop is already overripe and if harvesting is delayed, he would completely lose the yield."

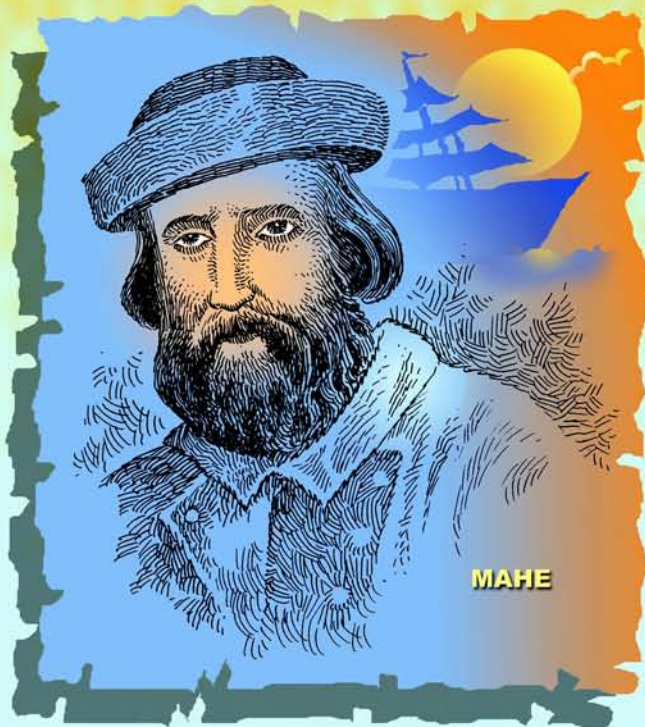
While crossing the brook, Usha came up with her explanation: "I could see the bottom lined with sharp stones and pebbles which could hurt my feet. Otherwise, I had no intention whatever to disobey your words."

Ramdas was completely carried away by the logic behind each of her actions. As soon as they reached home, he called his son and praised the wisdom of his wife.



GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI

Some dates gain importance later. For example October 2, 1869. On that day, Mohandas was born. He was the son of an official at the royal court. Who would have foreseen that this little boy would one day lead India from bondage to freedom? Today, we remember him as Mahatma Gandhi. We hail him as the Father of the Nation, and specially celebrate his birthday.



To Italians, July 4, 1807 has the same significance. On that day was born Giuseppe Garibaldi. Does the name ring a bell? It should. For it is the name of a hero. A nation builder! He freed Italy from French, Austrian and Prussian control over vast tracts of the land. So, he is remembered as the Maker of Modern Italy.

Garibaldi was born in Nice. (Nice was not the

town's original name. It was a former Italian city, named Nizza. In 1792, the French seized the city and renamed it Nice.) The Italians were unhappy. They wished some day Italy would become strong. Strong enough to resist pressures from the neighbouring nations! Who would do that? Nobody knew for sure.

Elders talked about it. Children often overheard them talking. Garibaldi, too, heard them. But unlike other boys, the hope of the elders became part of his dreams. At school he read the lives of courageous men and women who defied all odds and succeeded in creating history. Could he create history by leading Italy out of strife to unity? Often he talked about it with friends. Most of them thought he was crazy. They made fun of him, "You are woolly headed. You have your head in the clouds."

Garibaldi learnt to keep his dreams to himself. Why share it with those who would never understand him? He trained for a career in the merchant navy. At the age of 25, he became the captain of a ship. He sailed off with a shipment of oranges for Taganrog in Russia. The ship anchored at the port. He spent ten days in the town. During his stay, he met Giovanni Battista Cuneo, a political exile from Italy. Giovanni had to seek safety beyond the shores of Italy. But his heart was in Italy's future. Giovanni told Giuseppe of a secret rebel group named Young Italy. The group had only one goal. They wanted to throw the Austrians out. Italy must find her place as a strong and independent nation.

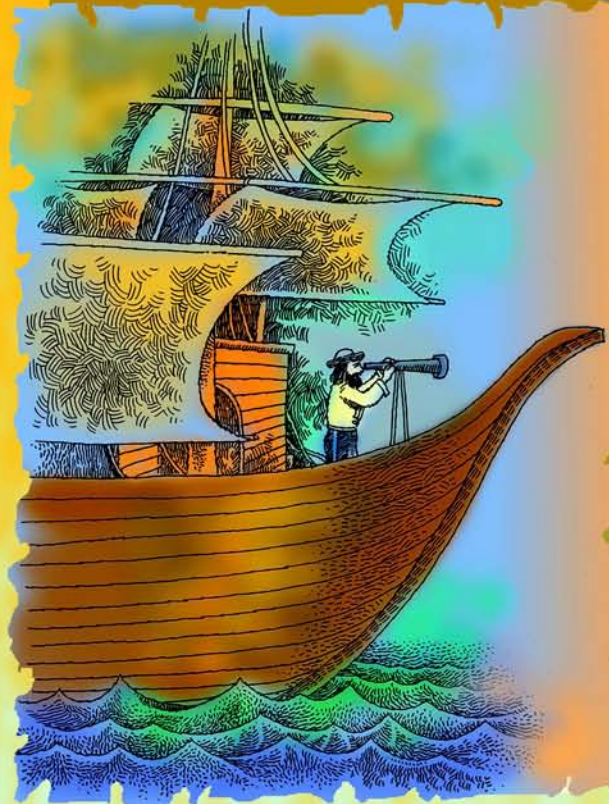
Garibaldi enlisted himself as a member of the group. He knew the risk he faced. But he did not shy away. The bold, he told himself, know how to overcome fear and do the impossible.

He plunged into the movement without hesitation. Six months later, he was introduced to Guiseppe Mazzini, the most respected champion of Italian unification. Mazzini had set a clear goal. Free Italy would be a liberal republic. The citizens would enjoy full freedom. They would enjoy the right to choose the men who would run the State. He spoke of the past glory of Italy. He foresaw a bright future for the nation. Then he added, with a wistful turn of his head, "But that needs young Italians with the courage to give their all, even their lives, for the nation."

Garibaldi was young; he had always been dreaming of liberating Italy. He found his ideal companion in Mazzini. Within a few months, he saw action at a revolt in Piedmont. The authorities identified him as one of the leaders, but they could not catch him. He was sentenced to death, in absentia. He escaped to France. It was risky to return to Italy then. Some day, he told himself, he would return. Till then he would equip himself for the final battle of his life.

That was what he did. During the next fifteen years, he travelled widely. At Brazil, in 1839, he fought with rebels trying to free the provinces of Rio Grande do Su and the province of Santa Catarina. Love walked into his life. He met Manuel Duante Aguiar. She was already married. But that did not stop the lovers from forging a close relationship. They moved to Uruguay, got married and settled down. Garibaldi earned a living by doing odd jobs. But he craved for action. In 1842, he was asked to head the Uruguay navy. He formed an Italian Legion. The next few years found him taking part in several military campaigns. That equipped him to fight the final battle for liberating Italy.

Since 1848, Italy had been in turmoil. Garibaldi returned to Europe in 1854. He played a major role in the Austro-Sardinian War. In 1860, there were revolts in some parts of Italy. Garibaldi gathered a



thousand volunteers (called Red Shirts) in two ships and landed at Marsala, near Sicily. He won major victories, against the French, but the Italian government remained hostile. The government forces went after the Red Shirts. Garibaldi told his men not to resist the Italian army. "Don't fire against fellow Italians," he told his men. He was taken prisoner, but he was now the unquestioned future of Italy. The regime freed him after a short detention. He took part in several campaigns. Finally, the Italians captured the Papal State in 1870. Southern Italy was liberated from authoritarian rule. That led to Italian unification.

But Garibaldi was ahead of his time. The men who now held power owed their all to him. But he was a threat to their power. So they interred him on the Italian Island of Caprera, where he died in 1882. He died with the knowledge that Italy had been unified. His dream had come true. History now credits him for bringing about that miracle. He is universally acknowledged as a great revolutionary spirit.

R.K.Murthi

GOOD FOR NOTHING



Sankar was the only son of Dharamsingh. Right from childhood, he was a dull-headed, stupid fellow. Being a motherless child, Dharamsingh brought him up with great affection. Yet, the boy did not show any improvement in intelligence. The father often got vexed at his stupidity and ridicule him as a 'good for nothing' guy.

However, he was good at one thing. He was an excellent swimmer. Besides, he had learnt the art of holding breath and remaining under water for long durations. But it was nothing which his father could be proud of.

When Sankar grew into marriable age, Dharamsingh nurtured the hope that marriage might bring about some change for the better in Sankar. Unfortunately, nobody in the village was prepared to give his daughter's hand in marriage to a stupid fellow like Sankar.

Dharamsingh then decided to look for a girl in some far off villages. With great difficulty he arranged an alliance from a distant village. Father and son started for the village to see the bride.

On the way, he advised Sankar how to behave

in her house. "As soon as you reach the house, you should remove your sandals and keep them at the doorstep. Be seated on a chair and never sit on the floor!"

By the time they reached, the village, Sankar had got the directions all mixed up. He placed his sandals on a chair, and went and sat down near the doorstep. Both the girl and her family members were appalled at the awkward behaviour of Sankar. The girl flatly refused to marry him.

Dharamsingh was broken-hearted. On reaching their house, Dharamsingh severely scolded his son: "You're a perfect idiot! No girl on earth will ever agree to marry you. Only a demon or a monster might give you his daughter. Get lost!"

Sankar took his father's words seriously. He thought that no human being would ever marry his daughter to him. All right, he would search for a demon or monster somewhere. But they could be found only in jungles. So, he set out towards the jungle adjacent to his village.

On reaching the jungle, he saw a cave situated between a group of hills and entered.

He found a giant asleep inside the cave. He woke him up and straight away asked him, "Hello, I'm Sankar! My father told me I could marry a giant or a demon! Do you have a daughter? If you have, I shall marry her."

The giant was taken by surprise at the stupidity of the young man. "Idiot! Doesn't he know that giants only eat human beings? He's asking for my daughter's hand! Strange, indeed!" He was ready to gobble him up when his wife entered the cave. She was told about Sankar's strange proposal. She immediately advised her husband not to harm the youth. She had other plans.

They did have a daughter, who was too plump and ugly. She thought, the strong and sturdy Sankar would be the right match for her daughter. It did not matter to her that he was a human being.

She told the giant, "Look! After a long time, someone has volunteered to marry our daughter. Let's settle our daughter's marriage to this boy

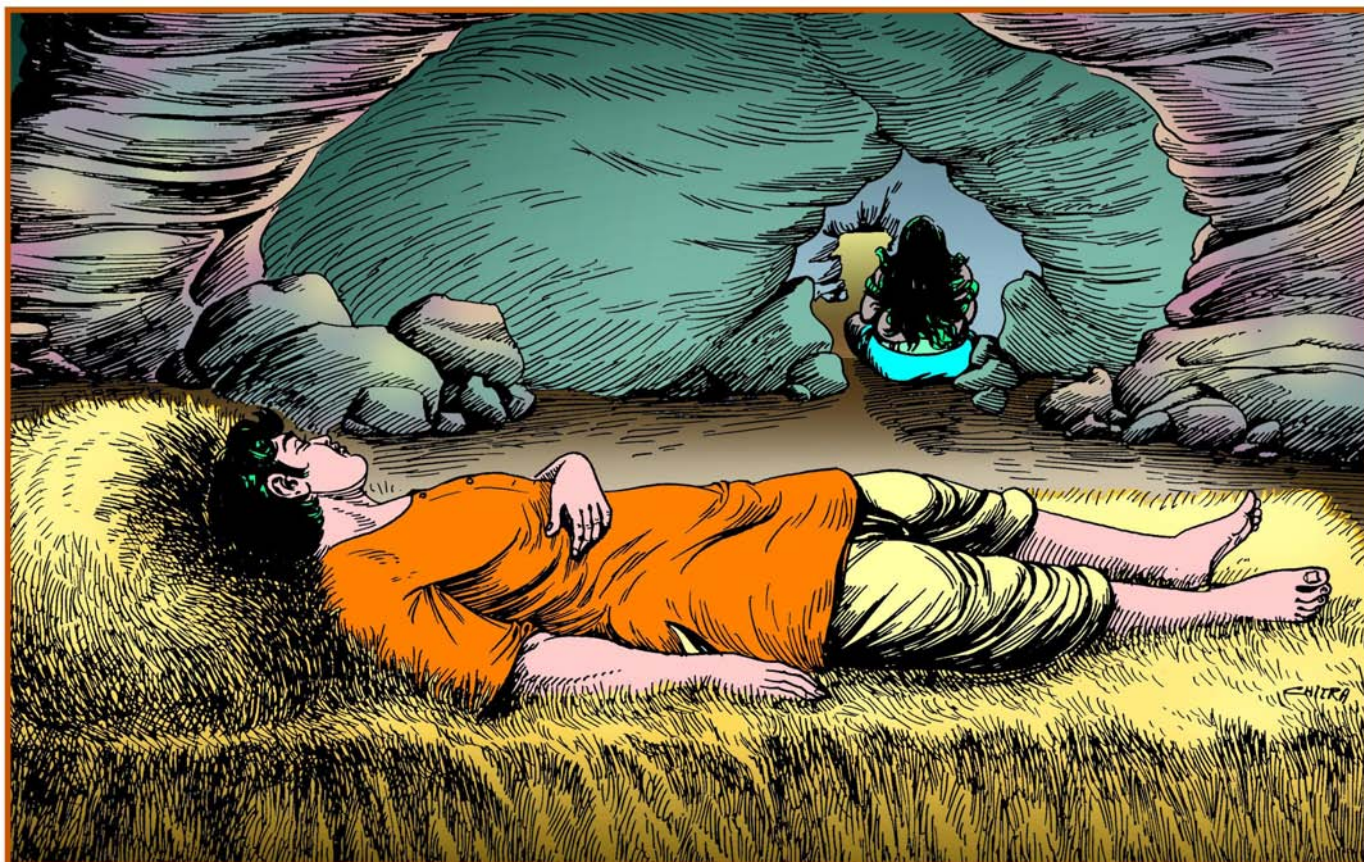
without any delay. We shall entertain the bridegroom!"

She then turned towards Sankar and said, "We're very happy to have you as our bridegroom. My daughter would soon come home. Meanwhile, please take dinner with us!" She then went about feeding him lavishly. After dinner Sankar was shown a comfortable place to sleep.

At midnight, their daughter returned home. She was overjoyed to see a young man in the cave. She wanted to kill him and eat him up. In the meantime, her mother woke up and told her that the young man was going to marry her.

Sankar, who woke up in the confusion, saw the young giantess. The very sight of her was revolting. He wondered whether he had made a mistake in agreeing to marry the giants' daughter even before seeing her.

The young giantess immediately gave her consent to marry him. She, too, had other plans



in her mind. She was more interested in eating him than marrying him. So, she requested him to come out for a stroll in the moonlight.

When they came out, she said, "Come on! Let's not waste time! Let's get married right now! We shall go near the lake and celebrate our marriage!"

Actually, her plan was to take him to the lake away from the cave and then kill him. The stupid Sankar agreed and accompanied her to the lake. However, on reaching the lake, he suddenly remembered something and said, "Before marriage, the bride has to give dowry to the groom as per our custom! What will you give me?"

The giantess, in her greed to eat him, rushed back to the cave and brought a bag of jewellery. Excitedly, she hastened him to complete the ceremony as early as possible.

It suddenly occurred to Sankar that he should have a bath before marriage. He told her to wait for sometime so that he could take a dip in the lake. As usual, he swam for a long time and as was his habit, he plunged into the lake deeper and remained there for a long time.

The giantess, waiting on the bank, thought that Sankar must have drowned. She lost her patience and thought she would come back in

A flute made of bone is the oldest playable musical instrument in the world. It's a flute carved from a bird's wing bone more than 9,000 years ago. The flute was discovered with other flutes at an ancient burial site in China.



the morning when she could recover his body floating in the lake. When Sankar emerged from the depths of the lake, he was surprised to find the giantess missing. He heaved a sigh of relief as he had managed to escape from the ugly giantess. He picked up the bag of jewellery and rushed back home.

Dharamsingh's heart skipped a beat when he found his 'good for nothing' son had returned home with a bag of jewellery. He could not believe his ears when Sankar narrated all that happened after he left home. He wondered how the lone skill his son had ever possessed had saved his life and fetched him a great fortune, too!

After that incident, Sankar turned over a new leaf. He was no longer the stupid boy of the village. Many people in the village were now ready to give their daughters in marriage to him.



THE FROZEN WORLDS OF WONDER



The fascinating snowy peaks and glaciers towering into the blue sky beckoned the young adventurer. He loved to climb the precipitous slopes of these high freezing valleys. One day, as he did so, clouds gathered and soon burst into a fierce tempest. In this raging wilderness, the youth had no option but to seek shelter under the entrance of a deep cavern. So, while waiting for the storm to pass, he began exploring this cave with the light of a candle.

"Although this subterranean excursion did not provide the intoxicating delight occasioned by summits crowned with everlasting snows, the majesty and mystery of these vaults, like marble halls, made a profound impression on me," he said later. Before long this brave adventurer completely quit

mountaineering and returned to explore this cave which had cast a spell upon him. Then he continued to explore other caverns and then still others.

"Now I do not know of an impression more absorbing than that which one experiences on entering a grotto of whose mysterious, shadowy labyrinths one is ignorant, while drops of water, falling from the high vault, alone disturb the silence with their thousand little songs," he wrote.

Who was this zealous explorer daring to venture "through caverns measureless to man"? He was Norbert Casteret, born in 1897 in the northern foothills of the Pyrenees in France. He has been known as the world's most prominent expert on spelaeology, or exploration and scientific study of caves. He is also acknowledged as an authority on the strange and specialised forms of life that dwell in the perpetual darkness of these haunts. Though slim and small in built, he remained fit and healthy all his life. He played soccer and enjoyed diving, swimming, skiing, rowing, pole-vaulting and several other sports. He recorded his exploits and discoveries in books and received world-wide recognition for his works and contribution to a unique field of science. He is often referred to as the father of modern spelaeology.

It was in July 1926 that this heroic explorer discovered "the most fantastic and extraordinary cavern that one could imagine". It lay almost 10,000ft high in the uppermost tiers of the Marbore massif in the Pyrenees in the Spanish side of the frontier. "Beyond the semicircular entrance, from one imposing



chaos of rocks we looked down on a frozen subterranean lake, beyond which a river of ice, emerging from darkness, flowed forth from the recesses of the mountain," described Casteret. He continued: "Setting out on this underworld glacier in the feeble light of our candles, our roped party was forced to turn back by a towering ice sheathed wall."

Twenty-four years later, in August 1950, he returned to this "wonder world" which had been subsequently named after him as the "Casteret Grotto", as he was the first one to discover it. But this time he was accompanied by his two sturdy daughters, Maud and Gilberte. They soon crossed the subterranean lake and scrambled over the underground glacier.

Maud who was ahead suddenly lay flat on the ice and began to crawl under a low, narrow opening very close to the floor. Only her feet were now visible with the rest of the body on the other side. Suddenly Norbert Casteret noticed that she was trying to resist her forward movement with her heels pressed against the rock above. Like a flash of lightning he leaped forward and, grabbing her feet, he pulled her back through the crevice. The unruffled young girl coolly explained that the frozen floor beyond the opening plunged into a sheer drop and she was fast sliding down. She took a chunk of ice and tossed it over the edge into the dark abyss below. It fell straight down and broke into pieces stirring a series of echoing roars. There was indeed a huge deep cavern. Maud had narrowly escaped certain death.

But this daring family of adventurers was not the type to give up. Next time they returned with a light weight metal ladder. It was lowered into the ice floor below through the low opening in the base of the wall. Norbert slowly made his way through the narrow hole and cautiously climbed down the swaying rungs. Once below, he signalled to Maud to

join him while Gilberte remained above keeping an eye on the hooks of the ladder nailed into solid ice.

Now father and daughter went about exploring the fantastic cavern. Before them rose an immense vertical wall of ice, almost 70 ft high and 170 ft wide down which they had just descended. It was astonishingly smooth, polished and transparent. A thrilled Casteret named it "frozen Niagara". They could clearly see a myriad pebbles embedded into a depth of 10 ft in this great frozen mass.

Suddenly Maud discovered the mummified body of an ermine, a small mammal found in the northern regions, perfectly preserved and entombed for eternity.

The three enthusiastic explorers continued on their discovery spree of astonishing caverns. As they were inspecting one, Gilberte pointed to a huge and magnificent chandelier of ice just above their heads. This formation shaped like an enormous four-posted bed was most precariously suspended from the roof. It was a wonder and miracle how it remained still in its place. The slightest vibration and sound could bring it crashing down their heads. It was risky to proceed any further and the cautious father decided to call off the venture. They prayed and hoped that this massive canopy of ice did not fall on them while



they passed beneath it. Luckily it did not and they safely came out.

In the course of the next few days they discovered to their amazement icy caverns of wonder and magic. They were in a subterranean frozen palace hall adorned with sparkling ice crystals of unsurpassed beauty and elegance. These perfectly transparent ice formations were about 10 inches in diameter and octagonal in shape and resembled spiders' webs. There was also a fantastic "bush" of ice about 3 ft high. Its base was white and opaque and gracefully spread upwards and outwards in an inexplicable way. It became translucent and then transparent with an array of delicate and slender branches and twigs, exquisite and lovely.

An overwhelmed Casteret was walking along the gallery when he was abruptly brought to a halt by a violent impact that shook him from head to foot and knocked the torch off his hand. He knew not what happened! Dazed, he looked around and realised that he had in fact walked straight into a thin hanging curtain of transparent ice, flawless and almost invisible. It now lay in splinters on the floor around him.

As he continued he was again bewildered by a baffling green luminosity. What was this strange phenomenon? He stretched out his hand and found

that he could actually touch this mysterious light. It was another solid curtain of ice, but several yards deep. The green glow was the natural colour of perfectly pure ice reflecting the light from the torch. Alas, to everyone's disappointment, this great wall of luminous ice sealed any further progress deep into this cavern. What lay beyond no one knew. Perhaps, another fairy tale dream of wonder and magic!

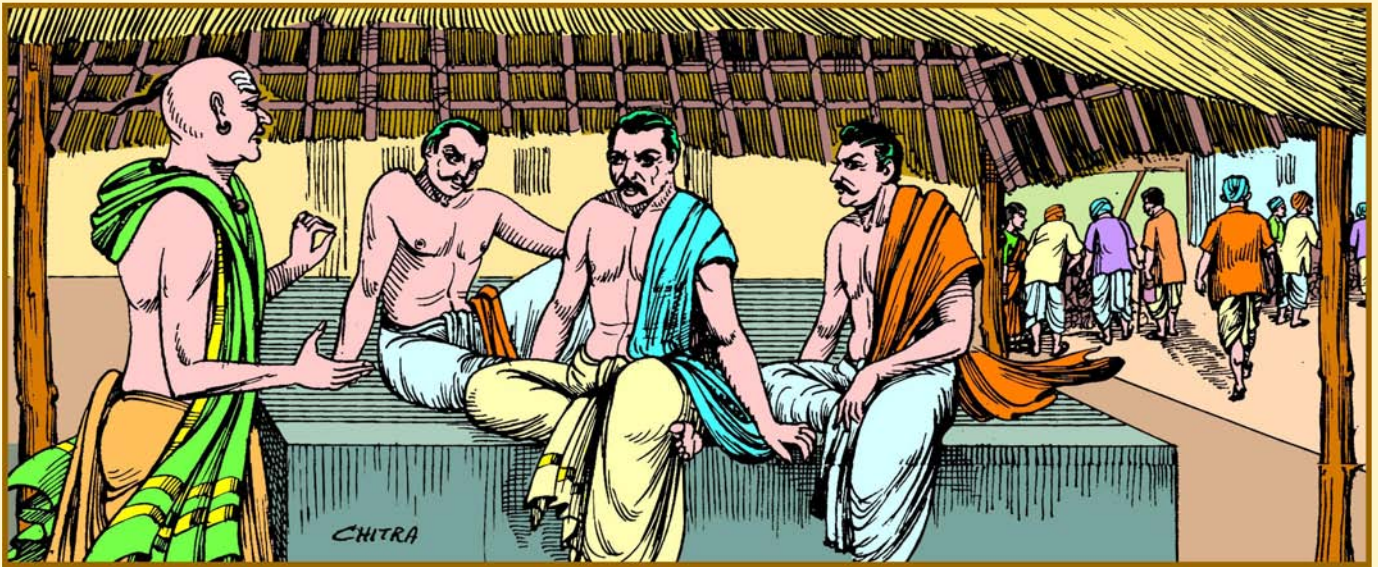
"It would take a volume to describe the splendour of this world of crystals now displayed before our eyes," wrote Casteret. "Here, in the heart of great mountain peaks, where a vague sense of wonder permeates the scene, all is congealed in unbroken silence.

"All that breaks the spell is an icy breeze moaning through the caverns. No one has ever followed these dark aisles to the end. No man dares linger there too long, lest at the end of this icy underworld trail he finds death."

Norbert Casteret also explored many other caverns and caves in the Pyrenees and Europe, swam through freezing subterranean rivers and discovered the oldest statues in the world, prehistoric rock carvings and paintings made more than 20,000 years ago. Today they are important clues shedding light to man's hoary beginnings.

(AKD)

A SHREWD PALMIST



Vikramsen was a very famous palmist of Devipur. By looking at one's hand, he could find out what was in his mind, what would happen to him and what he should do to alleviate his misery. The people who went to him would go back thoroughly satisfied. His name and fame started spreading far and wide with the passage of time. Soon, he became conceited over his popularity which started reflecting in his behaviour. He became rude and arrogant towards his clients. Further, he started humiliating the other palmists in the town. He would deliberately drag them into arguments with him over the nuances of palmistry, expose their lack of knowledge, and ridicule them. Many palmists chose to leave the town for fear of the arrogant behaviour of Vikramsen.

One day, palmist Ram Sastri from the adjacent town came to Devipur to earn his living. As soon as Vikramsen became aware of the presence of the new palmist, he wanted to drive him away from Devipur. So, he invited Sastri to his house and fired the first salvo. "Do you have a thorough knowledge of palmistry?"

Sastri humbly replied: "I have only a limited knowledge, sir!"

"Then, go away from this town! Only an

expert like me can thrive here. You won't be needed here!" shouted Vikramsen.

Sastri could not stand his arrogant behaviour. He shot back: "Who are you to ask me to go away? Just because the people of this town call you an expert, you can't become one. Can you prove your expertise to me?"

Vikramsen got so much infuriated over his remark that he pounced on him. People from nearby area rushed to the place and intervened. One of the onlookers suggested: "Vikramsen, why don't you accept his challenge and prove your superiority?"

Incidentally, a zamindar from a nearby town had just arrived to meet Vikramsen. It was his first ever visit to the palmist. After hearing about the altercation between the two palmists, he suggested: "Vikramsen! You see my hand and give me your reading. Then, Sastri can take his turn. I shall decide who is better of the two!"

Both at once agreed. Vikramsen carefully examined the zamindar's palm for a few minutes and came out with his comments: "You're very rich, but a miser to the core. You won't lend a pie to anyone. Further, you're a hen-pecked husband. Your wife controls everything at home and you're just a spineless worm in her

CHANDAMAMA FAMILY IS GROWING!

The munificence of the Infosys Foundation of Bangalore has taken shape as more than 6,000 GIFT subscriptions for *Chandamama* in Kannada and English. The beneficiaries are the children of schools in the rural areas of Karnataka. They are enjoying the magazine from June this year.

This has been made possible by the Chairperson of the Foundation, Smt. Sudha Narayan Murty, who has been an admirer of *Chandamama* and an avid reader of the Kannada edition even when she was young. How do we express our gratitude to her and the Trustees of the Foundation? Words are inadequate.

This happy development augurs well for *Chandamama* on the eve of its entering its 60th year of publication.

- Publisher

presence!" The zamindar flew into a rage on hearing those words. He felt insulted by the impolite comments of Vikramsen in the presence of others. "You're a worthless palmist!" he blurted out. Then he showed his palm to Sastri. "It's true you possess a lot of wealth. But you won't squander it, since you know the value of money. Wealth alone is not your asset. Your wife is the greatest asset you possess. She is a very wise woman and she really takes care of you. In return, you love your wife very much and do everything in accordance with her wishes!"

The zamindar was very much impressed with Sastri's reading of his palm. "Wonderful! You're the best palmist I've ever met!"

Sastri continued, "Sir, I know you're very happy with me and you want to reward me by giving your gold ring. You're indeed a great man!" The zamindar was taken aback by the clever flattery

of Sastri. He did not actually want to part with his ring, but at the same time he could not help handing over the ring to Sastri reluctantly though.

The onlookers lustily cheered Sastri, while the humiliated Vikramsen quietly went back home. The onlookers declared that he had indeed scored over his rival. Sastri now gently broke the secret: "Look! Don't jump to hasty conclusions! Vikramsen is indeed a great palmist. But the way he expressed his findings was not correct. In fact, whatever he said about the zamindar was correct. I conveyed the same message to him but in a different way on hearing which he became very happy. It is not enough if you are an expert. You should know how to express it properly without hurting the sentiments of the listener and at the same time it should be pleasing to his ears. My rival, it appears, has lost the art of expressing the facts delicately."





LAUGH TILL YOU DROP!

If you want a guarantee,
buy a toaster.
- Clint Eastwood



There was a man, who went to the doctor yelling, "Doctor, doctor! I think I need glasses!"

"Yes I think you do. This is a restaurant."



One day Rakesh and Rajesh were arguing at the breakfast table. Rakesh shouted, "Oh Rajesh, you're so stupid!"

Their father cut in and

said, "Rakesh, that's enough! Now say sorry to your brother."

Rakesh nodded and turned to Rajesh: "Rajesh, I'm sorry you're so stupid!"

Sonu: Mommy look at me.

Mom: Honey what happened to your hair?

Sonu: I cut it to grow a moustache.

Mom: Take that hair off of your face!

Sonu: Mommy, I can't, because I glued it on.



DUSHTU DATTU

Dattu and his cousin Manisha are at tea, when cake is brought in.

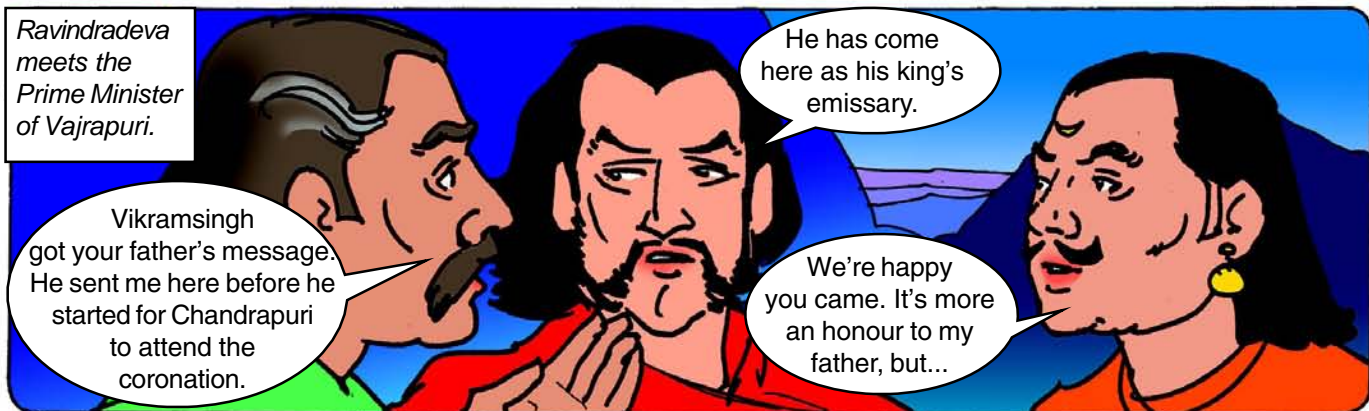
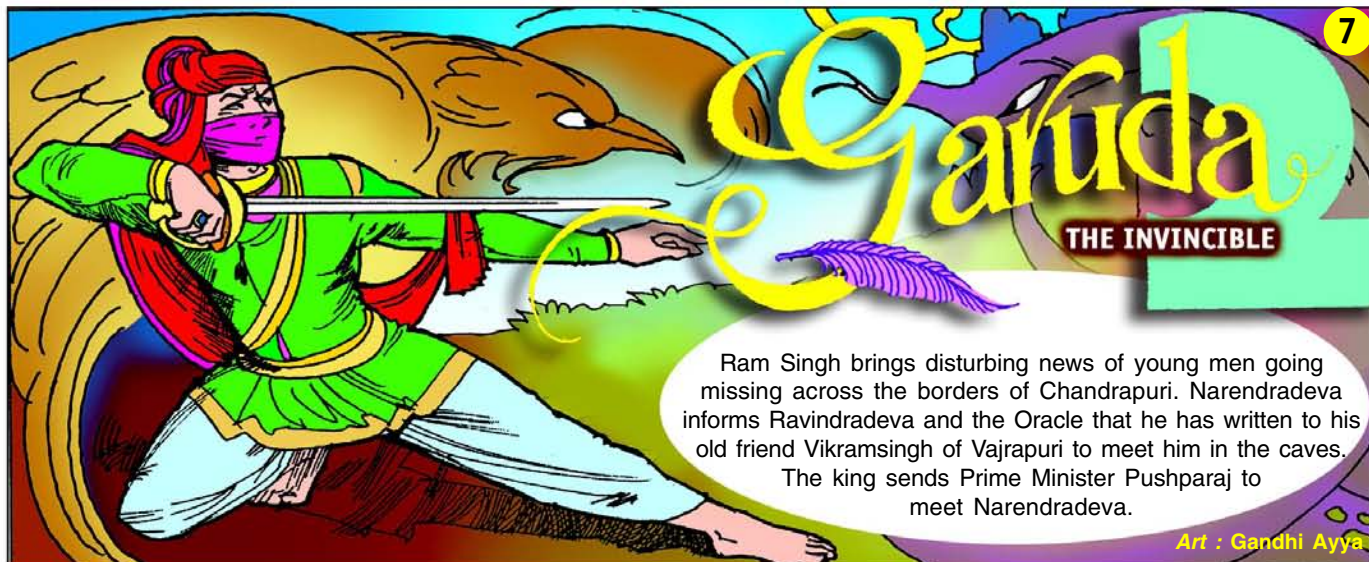


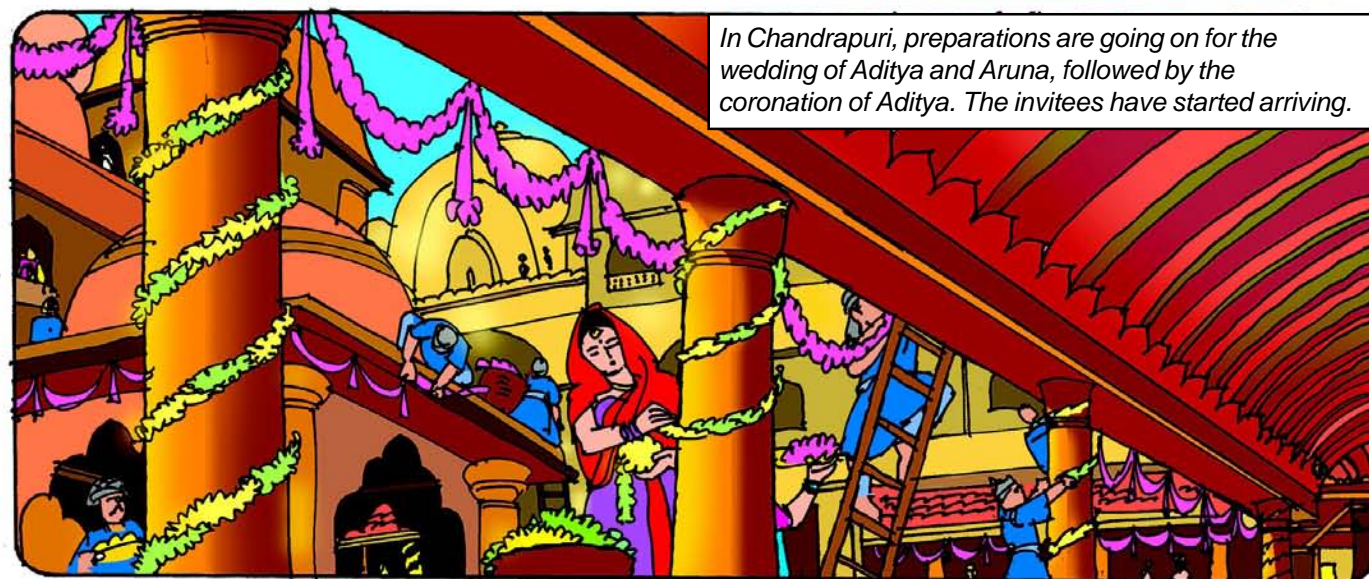
Manisha remonstrates with her cousin.



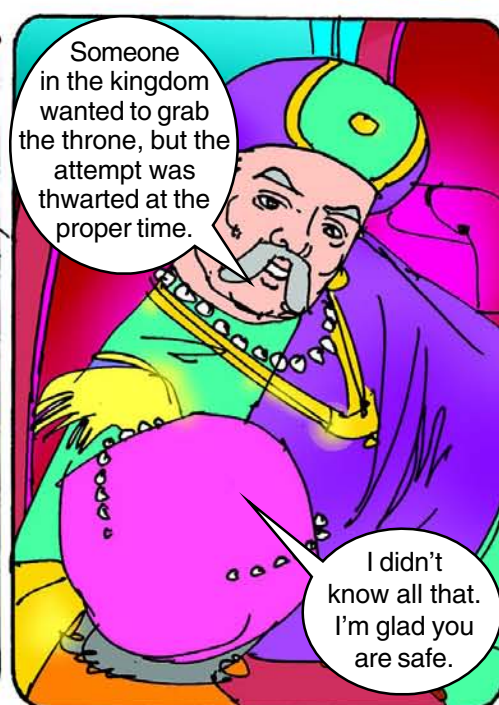
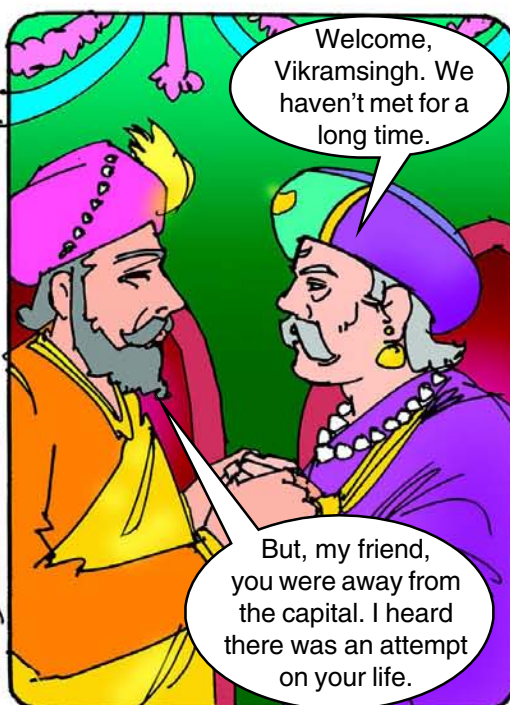
Well, the smaller piece is left for you. So what are you complaining about?

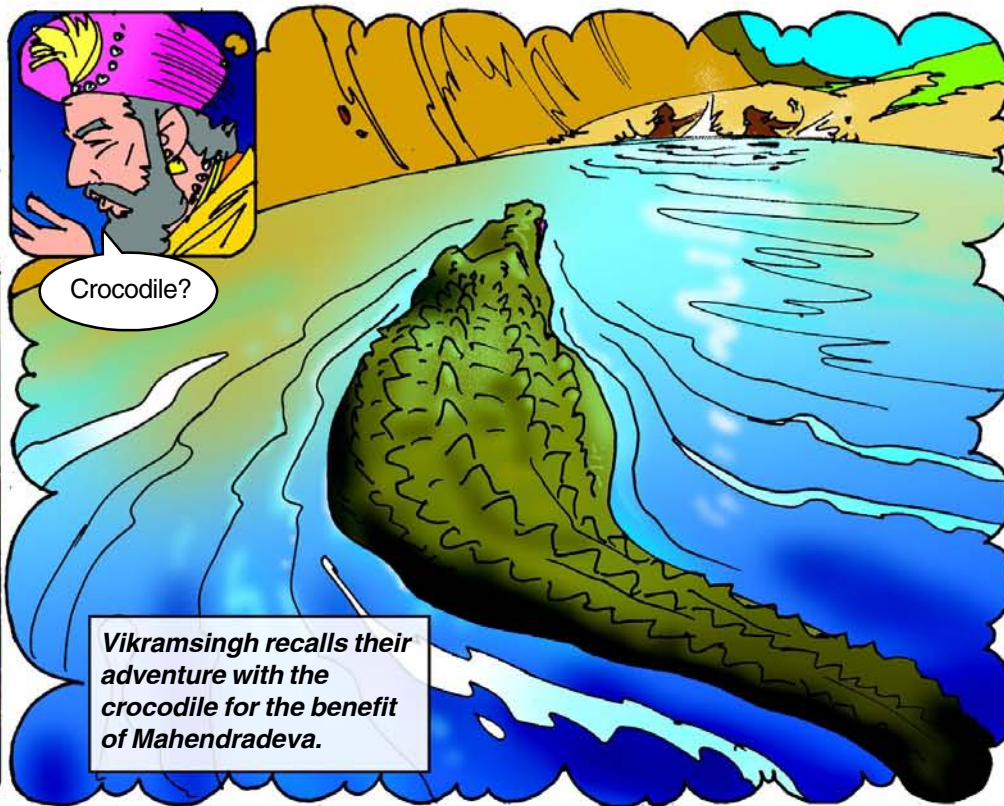
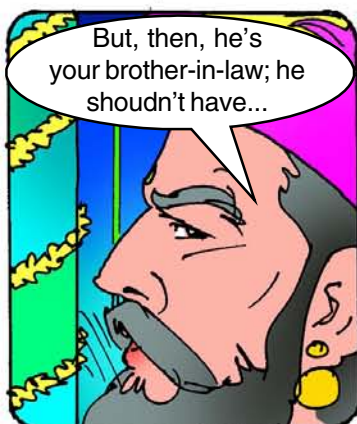
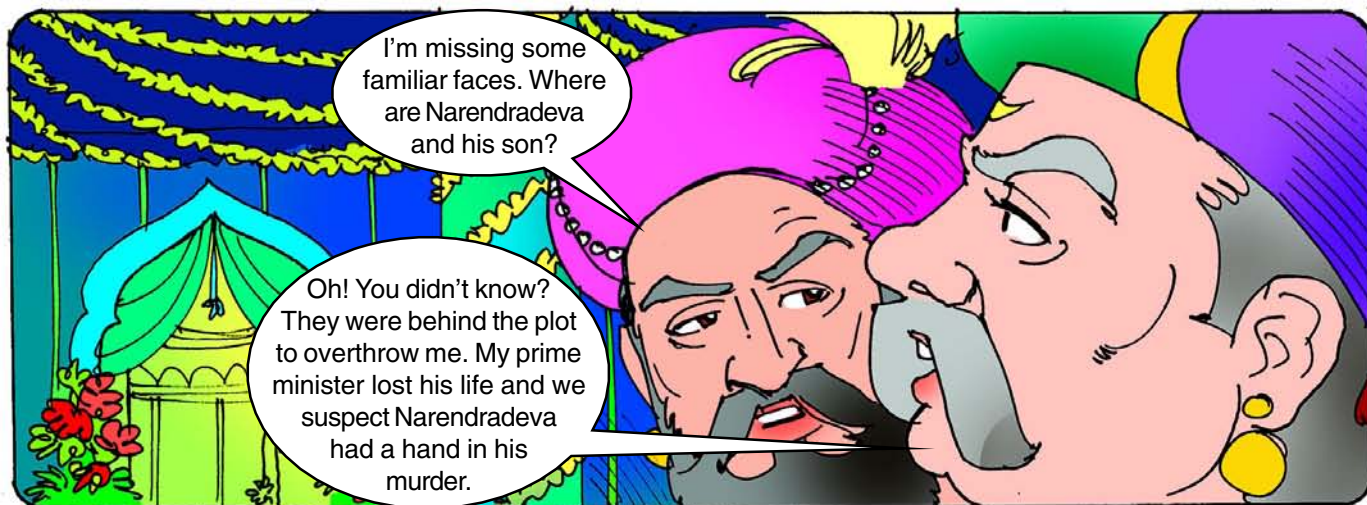






King Vikram Singh of Vajrapuri is one of the firsts to arrive. He is taken to King Mahendradeva.

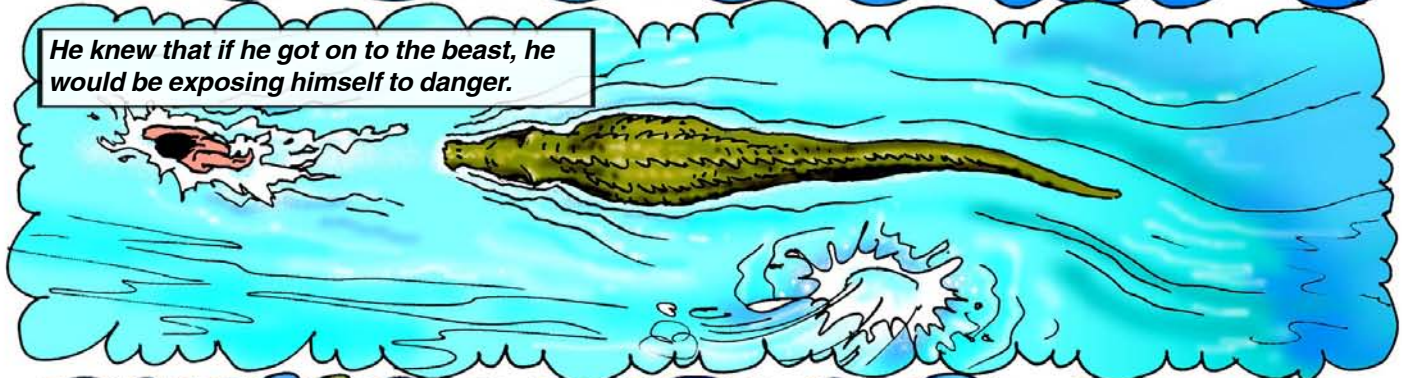






I remember, we both were once swimming in the river near our Gurukul when a crocodile attacked us...

He knew that if he got on to the beast, he would be exposing himself to danger.



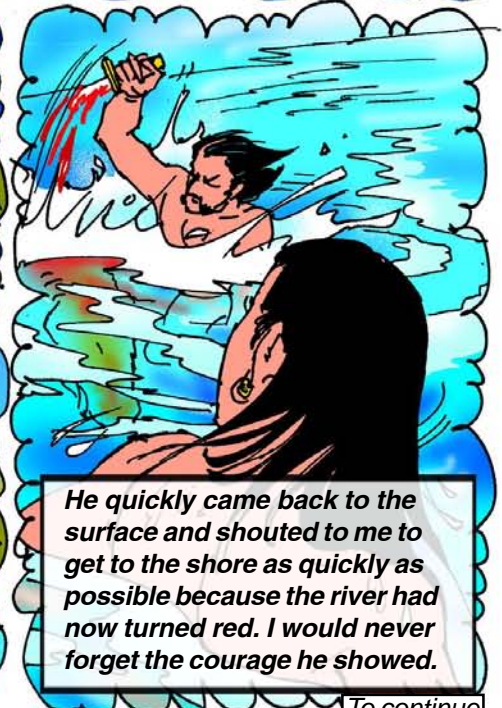
So, he decided to take on the crocodile beneath the water.



He then pulled out a dagger which he used to carry with him always and plunged it into the beast's belly.



He plunged himself into the river and managed to turn the crocodile upside down.



He quickly came back to the surface and shouted to me to get to the shore as quickly as possible because the river had now turned red. I would never forget the courage he showed.

To continue

CHANDAMAMA QUIZ-7

Co-sponsored by **Infosys** FOUNDATION, Bangalore

All the questions are based on the contents of the issues of 2005.

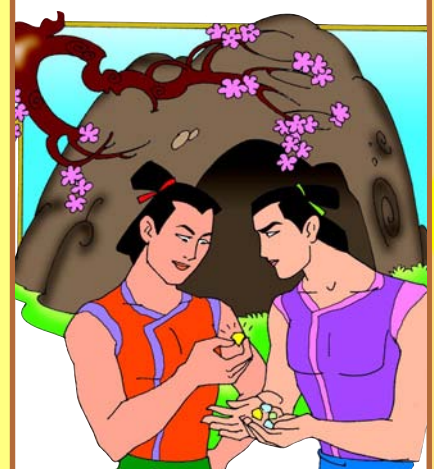
What you should do: 1. Write down the answers; 2. Mention your name, age (you should be below 16), full postal address with PIN Code; 3. Mention your subscriber number, if you are a subscriber; 4. Write on the envelope **CHANDAMAMA QUIZ-7** with your complete address; 5. Mail your entry to reach us by July 31, 2006; 6. The results will be published in the September issue.

**AN
ALL-CORRECT
ENTRY WILL
FETCH A CASH
PRIZE OF
RS 250***

* If there are more than one all-correct entry, a lot will be taken to decide the prizewinner. However, the names of all those who have sent all-correct entries will be published.

1. "President Theodore Roosevelt now demanded his pound of flesh."—What is referred to here.
2. A Muslim conqueror of India called himself Alexander II. Who was he?
3. In one particular country, once upon a time, only kings and queens could sit in chairs with arms. Which country was it?
4. How did the Jain temple in Chandni Chowk in Delhi come to be known as Urdu Mandir?
5. Who would you associate with Florachrome A and Florachrome B? What are they?
6. "The boy emperor abdicated". Where was he emperor? When did this happen?
7. Many Indian parents in the USA seem to prefer a particular name for their newborn male babies. What is that name?
8. "Of all the countries on the Earth, none is more mysterious, or less explored, than Brazil." Whose statement is this? Clue : This was made in the second decade of 20th century.
9. Lord Shiva looked for a place to dance. He aimed his trident at a lake. When it dried up, he asked seven gods and goddesses to dance with him. They danced for seven nights and seven days. This is now commemorated as a festival. Where? What is the festival called?

10. Can you identify this illustration? Who are the two characters and what has attracted their attention?





World Cup Football 2006

ROUND-UP OF FIRST ROUND

As you hold this issue in your hands, the first round of matches in World Cup Football 2006 would have just concluded, and the line-up for the quarter-finals would have been decided. In the following days, the 16 teams would fight it out till the Final in Berlin on July 9, when the world would know whether Brazil would retain the championship for a record sixth time or the Jules Rimet gold cup would go to another country.

The opening match on June 9 was between three-time champions and host Germany and Costa Rica. Germany won 4-2. The first World Cup in 1930 was won by the host country, Uruguay, who became champions a second time in 1950. Sadly, that South American country is not among the 32 teams who qualified for appearance in 2006. It is interesting to note that S.American countries had won the world title nine times, while the title went to European countries eight times. From Asia, only one country—South Korea—reached the semi-final stage.

The month-long 'sports extravaganza' has created such enthusiasm in the game in the youth of India that the country will certainly witness some hectic activity in scouting for new talent, increasing facilities for coaching and training, and forming a spirited national team which, if everything goes well, will be among the contenders in World Cup 2010. Our young readers will keenly watch the 'football fortunes' of India in the next four years.

FIRST-TIMERS

Seven countries are participating in a World Cup for the first time in 2006. They are Angola, Ghana, Ivory Coast, Serbia & Montenegro, Togo, Trinidad & Tobago and Ukraine. Of them, only Ghana registered a win when they defeated the Czech Republic 2-0. It was the first ever win by an African team this year. All the others went down to stronger teams. Ghana has just moved into the quarter-final stage.

MASCOT "GOLEO"

What matters most in games like football and hockey are the number of goals a country or a



player makes. The word 'goal' came handy when the organisers were searching for a name for this year's mascot—a lion. He is called "Goleo". The word goal has a Spanish origin in 'gol'. Leo is Italian for lion. Thus was born Goleo.

Unfortunately, the host country seems to have voted out the mascot. Football lovers in

Germany feel that their country has no fascination for the king of the jungle. Some of the names chosen for mascots of the previous World Cups are Ciao, Willie, Footix, and Pique.

TOP SCORERS



**JUST
FONTAINE**



**SANDOR
KOC SIS**



**GERD
MULLER**



PELE

Wouldn't you like to know who the top scorers were? Just Fontaine of France netted 13 goals in the 1958 World Cup; Sandor Kocsis of Hungary comes second with 11 goals in 1954. Gerd Muller of Germany sent 10 goals into the post in 1970. The legendary Pele of Brazil was under 18 years when he scored a goal against Wales in 1958. He is one of three who netted two goals in two finals—1958 and 1970.

GOLDEN BALL FOR FINAL

The name of the official ball played in all matches in 2006 has a name: Teamgeist, meaning team spirit. It has 14 polyurethane foam panels which give a smooth round exterior for better control. The black-and-white ball for each match carries a legend with the names of the two teams, date of the match, time and venue. Do you know that countries like India, Viet-Nam, S.Korea, Taiwan, Thailand and Japan are involved in the manufacture of these



balls? India provides the tube and bladder made of rubber. The 2006 World Cup Final on July 9 will, however, see a golden coloured ball "in action". This ball has been manufactured in Japan.

FIFA HONOURS INDIA

India has been honoured by the FIFA which has chosen our Minister of Information and Broadcasting, Mr. Priya Ranjan Das Munshi, who is also the President of the Football Federation of India, as Match Commissioner. He officiated at the Australia-Croatia encounter on June 23.



**Priya Ranjan
Das Munshi**

INDIAN PLAYING FOR FRANCE



**Vikash
Dhorasoo**

India can take consolation in the fact that an Indian is playing in this year's World Cup. He is Vikash Dhorasoo, who dons France's colours. His ancestors hailed from Andhra Pradesh. He himself was born in Mauritius, but had his education in France, where he played football at school and soon "graduated" to the national team.

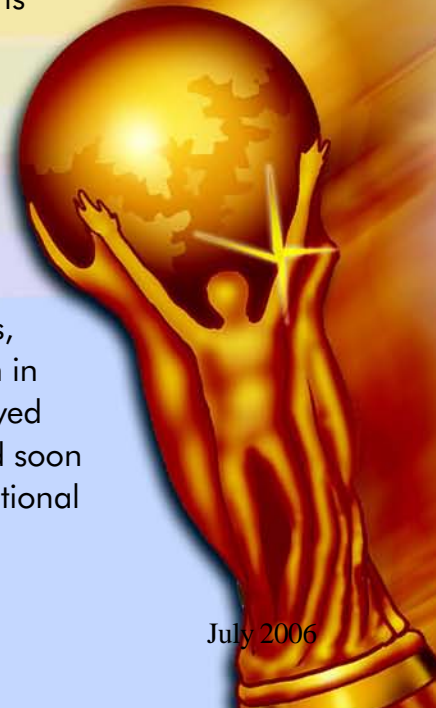




Photo Caption CONTEST

You may write it on a post card marking it:

Photo Caption Contest, CHANDAMAMA

and mail it to reach us before the 20th of the current month.



TATA NARAYANAMURTHY

Can you write a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other?



TATA NARAYANAMURTHY

Congratulations!

May 2006 Lucky Winner:

D.R.RAJESWARI

Mahalakshmi Dial Centre
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WINNING ENTRY

**"LOST IN PLAY"
"LOST IN DEVOTION"**

The best entry will receive a Prize of Rs.100 and it will also be published in the issue after the next. Please write your address legibly and add PIN code.

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DON'T SEARCH FOR ANSWERS!

- Who or what are Angelina, Santa Rosa and Wilson?
- If only he had appeared for the horse-riding test, he would have been selected for the Indian Civil Service. Who is being referred to here?
- Imagine A is 1, B-2, C-3, D-4..... X-24, Y-25, Z-26. How will you make a coded sentence in numbers to say "I love my school"?
- Can you make a chain of words with parts of the human body, from "head to foot"? There is no restriction on the number of words, but they must make a chain.
- Where will you go to see a sculpture of Maheshmurthi?
- Who are Kookoo's parents?

All the answers are in the July 2006 issue of Junior Chandamama. It's a treasure-trove of knowledge.

JUNIOR

CHANDAMAMA

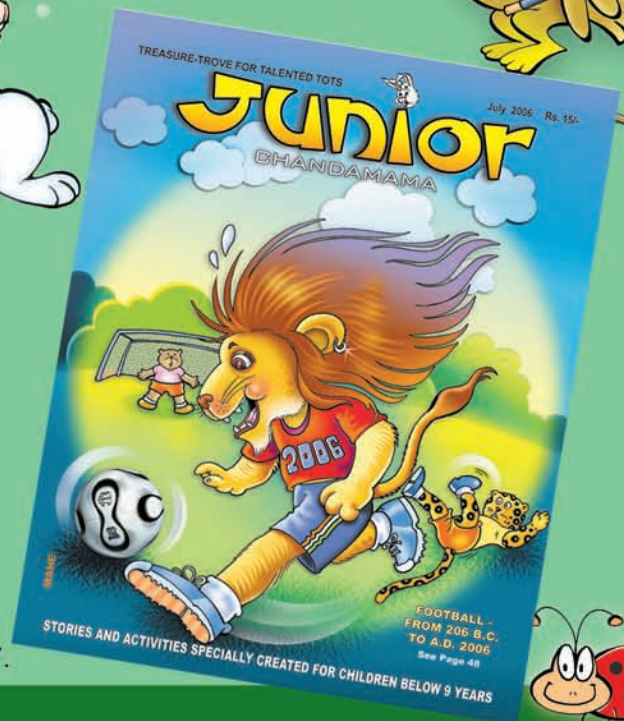
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